

# MACLEAN'S

**THE IRAQ CAMPAIGN**  
Some critics say it's  
all about oil

**TO VACCINATE OR NOT**  
Has protecting kids from  
disease caused autism?

**ROBERT J. SAWYER**  
The argument for  
less privacy


## 500 DAYS TO REMAKE CANADIAN POLITICS

**AFTER JEAN CHRÉTIEN, WHAT?**



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and men with skulls end up resigning to the West, which is reaping the benefits

**Arinagh Ghaz Medani, Toronto**

An excellent editorial on Chretien, based on facts, not simply personal opinions. It seems to me that this embarrassment to our country is now going to do as much damage to be can before he finally leaves Peter's Valley. Toronto

The Prime Minister should be applauded for his courage in stating what he did instead of regurgitating the same old platitudes proffered by the U.S. and Britain. It seems that any ideas or comments (no matter how sensible) that are contrary to the U.S. are subject to ridicule and criticism. If the Prime Minister refused some feedback by saying about "others," then so be it.  
**Robbie Skel, Montreal**

#### Who's out, who's in

With the Swiss joining the United Nations ("Switzerland joins the world," *The Week*, Sept. 23), the Vatican and the Palestinian Authority are not the only ones left with our full UN status. You are forgetting that Timor, a de facto independent state of 23 million people, is also without representation in the UN.

**Robert W. Lee, Toronto**

#### Inhabitable

The article "Guns who came to dinner—and stayed" (*Refuge*, Sept. 16), about stranded passengers being well cared for at Gander, Nfld., during the Sept. 11 crisis, made me very proud of my native province for its love and hospitality. However, I was very disappointed with Toronto. I was stranded there for six days and five nights. No one offered us food or shelter. As soon as we were off of the planes, we were told to leave the airport, but where were we to go? We knew nobody there. Luckily I was travelling with a friend and we met two other very friendly Newfoundlanders with whom we shared a hotel for one night. But they charged us \$650 for a room that didn't look like it would normally cost that much. So we called the front desk, saying we were going to be driving through and wanted to see how much it would cost for one night. The answer: \$60,000! We was disgusted. After that night we slept on benches and floors in



Gander, Nfld., welcomed passengers stranded there last Sept. 11. It was different in Toronto.

the airport, eating chicken noodle soup for five more days. It just goes to show who the caring, nourished people are in this country.

**Melanie Colahan, Lloydminster, Sask.**

#### Visions of medicare

I was impressed by the insightful comments of Mary Jarosin on medicare ("A healthy rivalry," *Column*, Sept. 23). Unlike these reports, from Roy Rockswold and Michael Kelly, initiate a public debate about the fundamental nature of medicare—what it is supposed to cover and what its bound areas are—no sustainable and accountable solutions can be found. Increased federal funding and incorporation of limited and well-defined home care and pharmaceuticals will be helpful, but much more public perspective on a clear vision for medicare is required, and hopefully both these reports will articulate a clear statement.

**Dr. Arin K. Gang, Toronto, B.C.**

#### Choices and consequences

As a mother of two preschool children, I don't believe there is an increasing necessity for a household to have two full-time salaries ("Let's be baby-friendly," *Over to You*, Sept. 9), but there is a necessity for choices and sometimes sacrifices. These choices are made, consciously or not, from the time one begins post-secondary education.

non-graduate Foucault, Tolson and Hage), which can lead to a high-maintenance debt load and dubious job prospects, or training in a field where the financial rewards and job security are more assured. This is not to say anyone should be discouraged from pursuing the kind of life they wish for (that arts courses are a waste of time), but subsidization of the high life through increased maternity benefits, baby bonuses and child-care funding translates to higher taxes for all, and penalizes those of us who have had to do kids into the budget.

**Chris van der Grinten, Saskatoon, Alta.**

I was 23 when I married in 1958, and by the time I was 27 I had three babies. I hated every minute away from my babies and after a few years decided to stay home, with the result that we did without many modern conveniences now deemed essential. In many instances financial necessities force both parents to work nowadays. But the argument that it's more difficult to manage on one salary is nonsense. It wasn't easier; our priorities were different. My proudest accomplishment is that all my married children have one parent staying home to rear their school-age offspring during these very important years, despite the financial constraints. In my book, that's success.

**Christine Curran, Lloydminster, Sask.**



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## MACLEANS BEHIND THE SCENES



### THE QUEST FOR LITERACY

If you can read this column, consider yourself fortunate. Many people aren't so lucky. In fact, about five million adult Canadians have serious difficulty with reading, writing and math, according to the ABC CANADA Literacy Foundation. For these people words are a meaningless jumble, much like the image that appears above, right.

ABC CANADA, a national charity committed to raising awareness for literacy, says that, according to the International Adult Literacy Survey (IALS), 22 per cent of adult Canadians have serious problems reading any printed materials. They would have difficulty locating an intersection on a map or understanding a prescription. An additional 26 per cent, who have limited reading skills, would have problems completing a job application or bank deposit slip.

The Foundation, created in 1990, recently launched an initiative to generate public awareness for math literacy. Math literacy, or numeracy, is the ability to understand and use numbers in daily activities. Approximately 43 per cent of adult Canadians are at a basic or low numeracy level, which means they struggle with such everyday tasks as calculating the tax on purchases and converting measurements.

Maclean's, one of many Rogers Media properties that support ABC CANADA, has assisted the Foundation since its inception. The magazine's ongoing support for this critical issue is a testament to its passion for Canada and its commitment to issues that are important to Canadians, says ABC CANADA Chair Maureen Croves.

"Our association with the cause of literacy is a natural," says Rachael MacKenzie, Director of Marketing with the News & Business Group, Rogers Publishing Ltd. "Words are Maclean's raison d'être and the magazine is a recognized leader when it comes to covering education issues that impact Canadians."

Visit ABC CANADA's Web site at [www.abc-canada.org](http://www.abc-canada.org) and watch for ads for the math literacy campaign appearing in upcoming issues of Maclean's.

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## THEWEEK

**Books** | Canadians lead the charge for the prestigious Booker Prize

The *chalmers* (sc) is just at the Bookers again, and they're comfortably crowned under, lean back on the coffee table, contemplating their odds of capturing the English speaking world's premier literary award for the fourth straight year. Following suits by J.M. Coetzee (South Africa), 1993; Margaret Atwood (Canada, 2000) and Peter Carey (Australia, 2001), it's unprecedented that three Canadians—Ruth Marryat (2007), Robyn Mearns (2007) and Carol Shields (2006)—made this year's acronyms than that. They are Irishman William Trevor (The Story of Edgar Galt) and Australian Tim Winton (Dust Music), leaving only a single Brit, Sarah Waters of *Water (Frogmarch)*, still in the running for the \$120,000 prize, open to writers from the Republic of Ireland and the Commonwealth.

Albi Carrillo (nicknamed Shards, 41, who was born in a Chicago suburb but now lives in Victoria, and Murray, 49, who emigrated to Ontario from Ecuador in 1975, are already international stars as previous bookie nominees [Murray is a finalist for the British bid for the 2002 Commonwealth Games in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, Pacific Rim Book Prize]. That lesser-knowner Murray, 38, who has also been extolled the contrary, the son of a Canadian diplomat in Spain, is the son of a missing dark horse. Murray's *Life of Pi* is a highly original, frequently startling and ultimately brilliant take about a teenage boy marooned in a lifeboat with a very hungry tiger; tiger—never rescued, the attention is drawn in Canada. In the *Bookies* books, however, Murray had to do without the advantage of a British critic that deliberately sought out what Chris Latta (editor, a history professor, called "beautiful writing and fantastic atmosphere." He may have been helped too, by some of editing his British publisher, Corgi, applied to P's award-winning section, thereby smoothing out his path to its meeting second bill."

Marcel finds his belated success almost an odd mixture of sweet and bittersweet. "I feel like I have been run over by a bus whose driver is a very nice man." Given that odds-makers—only in Britain could a literary prize double as a major annual gambling event—have tipped *Po* among the favorites in the running for the Clerk 22 award, Marcel may have to leave himself for the race run to rack up.



Stoddard's powerful 2004 novel is one of the Victoria writers' own favourites.



Martel's *Life of Pi* is a brilliant tale of a marooned boy, a hungry tiger,



History is story of  
family discord in  
Bombay as up the  
two major parties



**A. Edmondson Exposed**  
It was fourth floor and no time left when Teri Wikleoff jumped from her burning Edmondson apartment into the arms of GFL team members lying on some building. Good hands, one more reason the GFLers are fed in the West.



**► Barbara Wilson:** Head of New Brands, liquor commission. Likes super brochures, breakfast cereals, toys. Says use of bustle helps to clad models in a way. Likes advertisers' motivation of their most enduring pitch.



♥ **Paul Marjor,**  
So Bush with funds and support in PM is wast-  
ing some Liberts talk  
of displacing with lead  
enrichment convention. Why  
stop there? Cancel pre-  
election and tell boys  
to 24 Sussex driveway

**W** Elton Wiley: Tory MP says shaming Queen with "bust" because she'll have no time to read federal Throne Speech. Lame-duck PM is integrity project? Relieved is the word, Elton

♥ **Famous Players:** Quaid considers a rising, lesser M. Canadian the stars. Unfathomable, considering 1998's recent offerings. But if popcorn sells for \$5.50, who can afford the mark upon a movie house? *Matthew?*

**Quote of the week** | "If we prosecute our soldiers for actions taken in the fog of war then who will be there to fight our next battle? This is a dangerous precedent to set."

U.S. pilot Maj. Harry Schmidt, in a letter claiming he is being unfairly accused of responsibility in the deaths of four Canadians in Afghanistan.

FROM TOP: CHRISTOPHER WOOD; SHARON KIMBLE; JENNIFER HARRIS; JEFFREY M. HARRIS; RICHARD L. HARRIS; JEFFREY M. HARRIS; JEFFREY M. HARRIS

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**Battling Kyoto**

Opposite to the Kyoto accord on green house gas emissions, gained momentum when 35 business groups announced they were forming a coalition to fight specific Canadian reduction of the protocol, arguing it could destroy the country's economy. Although there have been few details about how Kyoto would be implemented, one leaked government report last week suggested it could result in the loss of 200,000 jobs. Jean Charest wants to nullify the agreement in Parliament by the end of the year, but the coalition said he is breaking a promise to consult before implementing Kyoto. "I take people at their word," said coalition member Thomas d'Aquino, head of the Canadian Council of Chief Executives.

**The hormone option**

Add rising uncertainty and confusion over the use of hormone replacement therapy, the Society of Obstetricians and Gynecologists of Canada said it is still the best option for short-term treatment of hot flashes and other "distressing" symptoms of menopause, but shouldn't be prescribed routinely for all menopausal women. The society was re-evaluating its position after U.S. researchers reported in July that HRT slightly raised the risk of heart cancer and showed no cardiovascular benefits.

**Bloodbath in the temple**

India deployed thousands of troops to prevent an eruption of Hindu Muslims rioting in the strife torn western state of Gujarat, after an attack by two gunmen on a major

**Passages**

**NOTED** Marc Gagnon nearly missed his shot in history. The short-track speed skater left the sport after a disappointing performance at the 1998 Winter Games, but came back two years later to train for one more Olympics. It was worth it: the 27-year-old Montreal resident captured two gold medals in Salt Lake City, making him Canada's most decorated Olympian ever, with a career total of three gold and two bronze. And so last week, he retired again—for good this time, he said.



**DEB** In 1965, historian George Stanley came up with the basic design for what would become the Canadian flag. Born in Calgary, Stanley was a war veteran and director of the army's historical section. He later taught at University of British Columbia and Royal Military College Stanley, 95, died in Oakville, N.B.

**DIAGNOSTIC** Colleen Howe, 76, wife of NHL great Gordie Howe, 74, is suffering from Parkinson's disease, a rare form of dementia that affects memory and personality. Gordie married Colleen, a Detroit native, when he was a young star with the Red Wings. She acted as her shy husband's agent and eventually married him into the role of Mr. Hockey. She was inducted into the U.S. Hockey Hall of Fame in 2000 for her role in youth hockey. The couple have four children; two of them were pro hockey players.

**OHIO** In 1972, Doughty Whyte joined CBC Radio. Born in Kingston, Jamaica, the broadcaster had worked as chief announcer at Radio Jamaica and was the BBC's first West Indian announcer. Whyte was also one of the first black on-air voices at the CBC and in his 20 years at the network, hosted *Canada at Five* and *The World at Six*, and was the editor of national radio news. He retired in 1995 and became the chairman of the Jamaica Broadcasting Commission last February. Whyte, 66, died of a heart attack while in Barbados on a judge for the Caribbean Broadcasting Union media awards.

**Homelessness | Down and out in Toronto and Vancouver**

Sky Right, 36, just wanted his clothes and a few other meagre possessions back after police evicted him from the old Woodview's apartment close on Vancouver's trendy Downtown Eastside. Once a shopping mecca, it had become home to dozens of squatters. Three days later, at a well-stirred Toronto show town or an abandoned property by the city's privity house, authorities succeeded in push out residents. Eddie Johnston, 52, complained bitterly at private security guards jammed from the back of a truck and tossed more than 100 people from their make-shift shacks. "We're here because we didn't want to be in shelters," said Johnston. "Now they're trying to force us into them."

Homelessness in Canada's major cities is a

growing problem, but so is the issue of squatters taking over private property. In the case of Toronto, a 100,000 sq ft office building first arrived at the vacant site owned by Home Depot in the winter of 1998. Amid increasing problems at drug use and prostitution at the site, Home Depot proposed to pave the land but let the squatters stay and alternative arrangements could be made for them—then gave up because the consequences would be too lengthy. The Toronto to evict was generally peaceful, but in Vancouver, where people had been making their home in the Woodview's building since 1993, protesters confronted police after the squatters had been dispersed, shouting "social housing now" and "Get the f--- off our street."



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Hindu temple complex left 33 people, most of them worshippers, dead. The violence raged for hours until communities swarmed the temple and killed the two attackers, who authorities said were Muslim fundamentalists. Gujarat was the scene of bitter religious rioting earlier this year in which at least 1,000 people were killed, most of them Muslims slain by Hindu mobs after a deadly attack by Muslims on a train carrying Hindus.

#### Not guilty, just 'stupid'

Ed Lang, 74, one of Saskatchewan's best-known outlanders, and his son, Doug, 38, were found not guilty of attempted murder in what their lawyer described as a "bare-brained, stupid" scheme to hire a

woman to seduce Swift Current Mayor Paul Eider. The pair admitted they hired the woman, who posed as reporter from *Madison's*, in an attempt to lure Eider into a motel room to catch him on camera on a compromising position. The Langs were angry with the mayor for voting against their application to build a feedlot in the city. But the jury found them not guilty after concluding there was no evidence to suggest they intended to go through with a threat to blackmail the mayor.

#### Going to zero?

Shares of Nortel Networks Corp. continued their decline, dipping to a new low of 78 cents (Nortel, once the darling of technology investors, traded at \$124 a share

two years ago). The telecom equipment maker's shares fell even more after executives said it would run third-quarter revenue targets. "My feeling is this thing is going to zero," said Shawn Campbell, an analyst with Chicago-based Northern Trust Corp. "I trust people are making the bet that they don't survive."

#### Bombardier flies low

The depths of the air-travel industry's post-9/11 despair finally caught up with Bombardier Inc. The Montreal-based engine giant said it would lay off nearly 2,000 employees in its aerospace unit, including 1,300 in Canada. It will also suspend production of business jets for six to eight weeks, temporarily laying off another 1,600 workers in Toronto. The result, it estimates, the world's third-largest producer of civilian aircraft, blamed the layoffs on a dearth of orders for corporate jets in a slow economy. Bombardier's other key business unit is also troubled, due to problems with high-speed trains it supplied to Austria.

#### An attack on Christians

Two gunmen broke into the offices of a Christian charity in the Pakistani city of Karachi and tied up and gagged workers before shooting them at point-blank range. The attack, which left seven dead, was the latest in a series of bloody assaults on Christian targets since Pakistan's military government sided with the U.S.-led war on terror last year. So far this year, 34 Christians have died in the violence, and leaders of the country's tiny Christian community say the government is not doing enough to protect them.

#### Customs gets tough

To press their demands to be paid, the same Immigration officers, Canada Customs workers at airports and border crossings may begin to slow traffic to a crawl across the country in what could be the start of a larger slowdown to come. Customs officials ordered passengers on four international flights at Montreal's Dorval Airport to disembark and report for further security checks. The move came after the federal government backtracked on a proposal to boost Customs officers' pay to that of immigration workers—which would have meant an average increase of \$2,200.



#### Ivory Coast | A coup attempt and a dramatic rescue

Under the protection of U.S. special forces and French troops, dozens of schoolchildren shouting "Vive la France!" and waving American flags escaped from the besieged international Christian Academy in the rebel-held Ivory Coast city of Bouaké. Almost 200 people, including almost 25 Canadians, had been trapped in the school for four days following a coup attempt on Sept. 26. The insurgents, a group of 600 former soldiers angry over their dismissal from the army for suspected disloyalty, were thwarted in the largest city, Abidjan. But at week's end they continued to hold on to Bouaké and the northern city of Korofo.

During the fighting, in which at least 270

people died and homes and buildings were looted, relatives at Canada seriously walked for word of what had happened to the children, mostly the sons and daughters of Baptist missionaries. "I feel great relief," said Anne Clabauer of Delta, B.C., who had two teenage grandchildren in the school. "Once you get into mob thinking everything just comes apart. That's the scary thing." The rescued students were escorted to an airfield, from where U.S. C-130s flew them to Ghana on the first leg of their journey home. As the children departed, President Laurent Gbagbo pledged an all-out battle to root out rebels in what was once West Africa's most stable and prosperous country.

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## THE WEEK



## Q&amp;A | Mario Dumont

Mario Dumont, 32, the leader of the *Action démocratique du Québec* party, is his province's reigning political star. If public opinion polls hold true, his activist party is poised to become Québec's next government in an election that must take place by November, 2003. Dumont, a former provincial Liberal who supported the pro-sovereignty Yes side in the 1995 referendum, now campaigns on a platform promising drastically slashed government bureaucracy, tax cuts, privatization, and a commitment to put sovereignty and Constitution-related issues on the political back burner. During a visit to Toronto last week, he met with *Maclean's* writers and editors for an interview. What Dumont had to say on the subject of

## His approach to federalism

Voicing ADQ means means an more refinements. We would be putting new priorities at the head of the agenda, after decades in which people of my generation have not experienced Québec politics without the Constitution being the main element of every campaign. We're moving into a new agenda of public policy, based on a different model of government. There's a whole lot to do in terms of internal affairs that would concentrate the energy of an ADQ government.

## His overall goals

Reducing the size of government, modernizing government, reducing the burden of taxation, deregulating a number of aspects of our economy. Also, in regards public services, to increase freedom of choice, and

to increase the range of possibilities for Québec's citizens.

## Dealing with other provinces

Québec would be a more fierce economic competitor, but also a subtle, involved partner. That means the end of any "empty chair approach" within the Canadian political system, by which Québec has been a mere participant or vocal absentee for meetings. Québec will be an involved partner, bringing ideas and creativity to the table, and defending the idea of its people energetically within all the forums.

## How he views the prospect of a dual Martin-Liberal government

He was a minister in the Chrétien cabinet, so to what extent did he feel comfortable in the coordinating approach, or caucus? We don't know—but he was in the cabinet. He at least has to start with the opportunity to give ideas, so I try to keep an open mind on that. But historically, the Liberal party doesn't have such a good record in terms of co-opting with provinces. It has an approach of—generally speaking—centralization.

## Comparisons between himself and former Ontario premier Mike Harris

The Québec and Ontario contexts are very different, but there's something about Mike Harris he did what he said. For me, that's big. My view is: have precise ideas, tell them before the election, and if you get elected, then you'll have a mandate. But our party is not in any way based on an ideological model from outside Québec.

## Changing Québec's language legislation

We believe an equilibrium exists right now, and it's not in our proximity to secession debates that divide the people.

## Private sector involvement in health care

It's not privatisation of the health-care system, but the addition of the contribution of the private sector. We think that doctors should do their public quotas, but in addition to that, why would they not work, let's say, one day or half a day a week in private clinics to try to accelerate things?

## On whether patients should be able to pay to jump queues for medical care

Yes.

# 500 DAYS

## TO REMAKE CANADIAN POLITICS

With Jean Chrétien preparing to step down, ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH says the country is facing a new era that will feature a changed cast of characters—and some sharply different topics for debate



A COUPLE OF MONTHS before Jean Chrétien's Aug. 21 announcement of his resignation plans, he fell into discussion one day with several friends about what election politics. The Prime Minister was in a reflective mood, and started musing about the challenges facing Canada in coming years. What, one friend asked, did he think would be the biggest? That, the PM said, would continue to be Quebec's future in or outside of Canada. When someone suggested that globalization and Canada's relationship with the United States would take greater priority, Chrétien looked startled—and remained unbedding. No, no, he insisted, "the fight over Quebec" would be of paramount long-term concern.

Perhaps, but for most people these days, Quebec sovereignty remains far down on any list of political—even within that province. That shift in attitudes, coupled with Chrétien's pending departure, are among the signs that Canadians now face the end of a chapter in the country's politi-

cal mosaic of its popularity seems ascertainable. But political strategists generally agree that Martin and the Liberals are overwhelming favorites to win the next election—unless the party sells its message before that. Already, the perception is that the Liberals also have held on to power too much for granted may be contributing to voters' willingness to look more closely at all of their options. That comes even as the three oldest cabinet members in the House of Commons—the Liberals, Progressive Conservatives and New Democrats—are all seeking new leaders (while Canadian Alliance leader Stephen Harper is only six months into his tenure). A recent survey by Liberal pollster Michael Marzouk put the party's support at 44 per cent, but showed the Tories rising to 20 per cent, while the New Democrats were up to 13 per cent—wide enough to make the NDP a serious contender. During its peak in the 1970s and '80s, the Alliance, meanwhile, was tied with the NDP at 13 per cent.

**OVER THE PAST YEARS, MUCH OF THE TONE OF POLITICAL DEBATE WAS SHAPED BY THE RIGHT. LATELY, THOUGH, THE LIBERALS HAVE VEERED LEFT.**

cal history, and the start of a new one that will feature a vastly changed cast of characters and some sharply different topics for debate.

By the time Chrétien steps down—a little over 500 days or 17 months from now, if he holds to stated plans—four of the five federal parties in the House of Commons will have different leaders than the ones who led them into the last election, while the fifth, the Bloc Québécois, may be teetering on the verge of extinction. Of those potential new leaders, one, of course, looms largest by a considerable margin: Paul Martin's level of overall support within the Liberal party is so strong that it now looks as though these may not even be a serious challenger against him in the contest to succeed Chrétien. Some giddy Martin supporters point to polls that show their candidate could deliver up to 60 per cent of voters nationwide in a general election—with strong support coast-to-coast, which would constitute one of the greatest victory victories ever in Canadian politics.

With opposition MPs and senior Liberals increasingly focusing energies on Martin, some erosion of his popularity seems ascertainable. But political strategists generally agree that Martin and the Liberals are overwhelming favorites to win the next election—unless the party sells its message before that. Already, the perception is that the Liberals also have held on to power too much for granted may be contributing to voters' willingness to look more closely at all of their options. That comes even as the three oldest cabinet members in the House of Commons—the Liberals, Progressive Conservatives and New Democrats—are all seeking new leaders (while Canadian Alliance leader Stephen Harper is only six months into his tenure). A recent survey by Liberal pollster Michael Marzouk put the party's support at 44 per cent, but showed the Tories rising to 20 per cent, while the New Democrats were up to 13 per cent—wide enough to make the NDP a serious contender. During its peak in the 1970s and '80s, the Alliance, meanwhile, was tied with the NDP at 13 per cent.

What's striking about those findings is that they demonstrate growth on both sides of the political spectrum. Over the past two decades, much of the tone of political debate was shaped by the Right as politicians focused on debt reduction, deregulation, reducing the size of government, and liberalizing trade. But lately, the Liberals have veered to the left, and the NDP may be able to capitalize on several issues that play in the voters' minds. Key are business scandals, recalls, some of excessive executive pay packages for senior CEOs and the continuing debate over globalization.

As such questions gain in the forefront, one of the leading contenders for the NDP leadership is a new face who offers the potential for a breakthrough in Ontario, where the party's support has collapsed in recent years: Jack Layton, a charismatic, broadly bilingual Toronto city councillor and former head of the Federation of Canadian Municipalities, is considered, along with veteran NDP MP Bill Blaikie of Manitoba, one of the front runners to succeed Allen Rockwood Layton (page 25) has attracted strong buzz

in political and media circles—although it's far from clear whether that will translate into enough support to defeat Mulroney, who has been one of the party's stalwarts over 25 years as an MP.

Similarly, much of the excitement on the right of Canadian politics comes these days from another relatively unknown figure—who may not even contest the Tory leadership. The broadly bilingual New Brunswick Premier Bernard Lord (page 25), has only been in elected politics since 1993, but along with supporters in his own province, his adherents include heavyweight like Brian Mulroney, Canada's Black and businessman Peter White, who was a key architect of the union right efforts in recent years. Many small-conservative consider Lord, 37, the only person capable of winning votes from Tories, disaffected Liberals and Canadian Alliance supporters—and believe he might have the kind of appeal in Quebec that the Tories enjoyed under Mulroney, when they held a majority of that province's

seats. In the meantime, don't forget Harper, who hasn't yet led the Alliance as an elected campaign. Harper has alienated some of the Ontario press gallery with his caustic, sometimes scathing blunt style. But that style may appeal to voters fed up with traditional, overblown rhetoric.

Of the Bloc, the one leader from the last election who may return for an encore, has other problems. Quebec's chief strongman is Alliance over Mario Dumont, the head of the Action démocratique du Québec party, who is promising to chop the pace of government and put sovereignty and constitutional reform on the back burner. The success of those policies, as measured by his lead in polls, looks pretty far off. The Bloc, which espouses a xenophobic, left-leaning philosophy, and relies on the struggling Paris Québécois for organizational support. If the Bloc collapses, the redistribution of the 35 seats it holds would profoundly alter the size and personality of the House of Commons.

How much of the optimism of opposition parties is based on hype rather than

real hope? That depends on whether the enthusiasm for newcomers like Layton and Lord—or whoever else may lead the NDP and Tories—is ephemeral. But the real key is how Martin conducts himself as the perceived prime minister in waiting. It's too early to speculate what a Martin-led government would look like, but it would be an exercise one that would force many new faces around the cabinet table. In philosophical terms, Martin believes much more in long-term planning than Chrétien. One mutual acquaintance once defined their differences this way: Martin would rather do 10 things in one, in the hope that nine would be successful, while Chrétien prefers to do no things, secure in the knowledge that nothing can then go wrong.

But finally, it's arguable that a new era in Canadian politics has already begun. Since declaring his retirement plans, the Prime Minister has governed quite differently from his usual cautious, middle-of-the-road style. A born-again left-leaning PM has, among other things, called for nullification of the Kyoto accord (against the objections of many Liberals and business leaders), pleaded for more openness in the growing gap worldwide between rich and poor, and called for increased spending in such areas as infrastructure, health, child care and Aboriginal programs. The details will likely be spelled out in this week's Speech from the Throne. One friend says Chrétien is "determined to leave some lasting measure of his concern for people in need." And one that, even as a new era of politics begins, would ensure that Canadians don't soon forget the old ones.



Harp's comeback, often that style may appeal to voters fed up with rhetoric

## THE PARTY, C'EST MOI

To supporters, Paul Martin is the heart and soul of the Liberals. But what, asks JULIAN BELTRAME, is his vision?

NINE MINUTES after an aide has struggled to shed light on the Paul Martin vision to baffled reporters, the man himself takes up the challenge in Leamington, Ont.—a town where he grew up in Windsor. During a small-Signet campaign event that has included stops in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Toronto and southwestern Ontario, Martin has listened to local concerns, fielded blue-sky questions for more government funding, pressed the flesh with hundreds of adoring Liberals, and offered his views on everything from parliamentary reform to the root causes of terrorism. But at no time during the five-day-long trip has the former finance minister attempted to make a compelling case as to why Canadians should await with anxious anticipation the day he assumes the highest political office in the land.

Of course, not every politician requires an overarching philosophy to win. Pierre Trudeau had one—building a united and just society. Brian Mulroney held up the dream of national reconciliation, but only discovered his lasting legacy—free trade—once ensconced in office. Jean Chrétien won three majority governments, a scarce, mostly by demonstrating he was not Brian Mulroney. And Martin could likely owe to the leadership test fall solely on the fact that he has built up an apparently unusual side lead over his would-be rivals.

But standing before about 250 Liberals at the Leamington Dock Restaurant, a converted warehouse by Lake Erie, Martin gives it his best shot. It goes something like this: Canada is entering a new age of globalization, unambiguously handicapped in the world's present political and economic power. It can struggle against the tide of history at the cost of its prosperity, or passively be swept along at the cost of its sovereignty. Or it can embrace the new world order and flourish. "There is a great debate in the world about the sovereignty of nations, about how in the shadow of the United States, other nations can find their niche," Martin says. "Well, I can tell you that we can find ours by being the most successful nation in the world, by being a place where the best and the brightest will want to come. There is no country that has the capacity to do what we can do, provide us with the guts and the imagination to make the right decisions and to go ahead."

The message riles his listeners. The aide turns to a reporter and smiles as if to say, "How's that for a vision?"

The unspoken implication, of course, is that Martin, who appreciated for the job as Chrétien's right hand, man for nine years, unquestionably has wanted to lead Canada through the period of peril and possibility ahead. In truth, few other potential prime ministers, from any party, can match Martin's pedigree. He grew up living and breathing politics in the home of his father, Paul Martin Sr., who served under three Liberal prime ministers. He learned the cut-and-thrust of business from old family friend Maurice Strong, then executive vice president of Montreal's Power Corp., who convinced the young lawyer to abandon his financial dream of going to Africa to do good, and take a more prosaic job at his company. Then, Martin flourished and became a millionaire many times over by taking the biggest gamble of his life—a leveraged buyout of Canada Steamship Lines in 1981 when its losses were at double digits. In 1983, he tackled the national deficit that had deflated productivity. And he earned respect in world capitals, while becoming a leading proponent of international



rules to govern currency flows.

In other words, Martin has already accomplished plenty. But ask Liberals, young and old, and they are as likely to wince about what the former premier can bring to the table in the future as well as what he's done in the past. Randolph Clapper, president of the University of Waterloo Young Liberals Association, sees Martin's experience translating into better economic programs for the country. "It's his proven he can run the country's finances," she says, "so I think Canada's economic affairs will be better with Martin." Toronto MP John Gledhill believes Martin is a proven social activist and predicts an expansion in agenda. "Don't get me wrong," he says. "When the government came in, we did absolutely what we had to do—all that nasty stuff. Now I think Canadians are anxious for adventure, and I think Paul's got a wider vision, bigger goals."

Most often mentioned, however, is how Martin differs from Chrétien. For all that the Prime Minister has delivered to the

with them. I've never been disappointed in taking a comment or a hint from my riding to Paul Martin and discussing issues." Pickard recalls how he and other MPs once lobbied the finance minister for a tax break on environmentally friendly green funds. Martin put it into his budget. "Conservative Altheib [an ethanol producer] would not be in Charlton had not Paul Martin been open to ideas after then his own or from the department," he says.

Martin insists he is genuine about addressing what he calls the "democratic deficit." He notes that as finance he initiated a policy of extensive public pre-budget consultations. Previously, budgets had been secret state affairs, with only a chosen few, usually business insiders, privy to such their case to the minister. The process was opaque, but it had a major drawback, says Martin: no opportunity for the stakeholders in the ownership of the budget, or for the government to prepare the country for painful measures. "It's the MPs who people elect, it's the MPs people

on self-government, but has given no indication of what he would do. He tells students and teachers that more funds must be allocated to education, without giving an idea of how much Ottawa would contribute. He promises more power to MNs, but sends no concrete proposals for institutional change. He will support the Kyoto accord, but tries to ally from in the Alberta oil patch by declaring that the government must first offer an implementation plan before ratification. He proposes a new deal for cities, but won't say how he'll increase in what is an exclusive provincial jurisdiction. What, say his aides, the policy filters to the Martin vision will become clearer as his leadership campaign nears the finish line.

There may be no need to wait. Many already view Martin as the new face of Liberalism. Alliance Leader Stephen Harper has indicated he will be shifting his attacks away from Chrétien to Martin. He already devoted a large segment of a Sept. 20 speech in Halifax to mocking the govern-

## LIBERALS ARE AS LIKELY TO WAX LYRICAL ABOUT WHAT MARTIN CAN BRING TO THE TABLE IN THE FUTURE AS WHAT HE'S DONE IN THE PAST

party—three majority governments above all—the common view is that he has become economic, innovative and open-minded about the opinions of others. Describing Chrétien's relationship with unions and disgruntled business as once remarked, "He says we'll be free—meaning that the PM seldom wastes time belabouring with fellow Liberal parliamentarians. Martin, by contrast, has devoted the past decade years to cross-cutting the country, cheering up party activists, attending to trials, and bringing star witnesses to courtrooms in courtship.

"The work has paid off. While it barely registers as an issue with Canadians, Martin's pledge to reform Parliament by allowing more free votes and recently consulting backbench MPs in the formation of policy is a big winner with Liberals. Others before him have made similar promises, only to develop animosity once they attained power. But Martin's supporters in Canada feel hope in the way he says it. "He's a people person," says Jerry Pickard, Liberal MP for Charlton-Kent Coast. "He listens to people candidly even when he doesn't agree



He grew up living and learning politics at the knee of his father, who served three PMs.

with us, and it's the MPs who are going to have to tell government decisions," he said. Altheib's. "If you don't make the MP the centre of your decision making, then you'll never build the consensus government needs to be successful."

In one sense, Martin is using an age-old political trick—tell people what they want to hear, but keep your options open. He has hinted to Aboriginal leaders that he would be more amenable to their views

than's "message in writing." And Tony Donaghy, head of Toronto's Universal Workers Union, Local 183, and a supporter of Jean Chén until the former industry minister quit politics in January in total acknowledgement of Martin's inevitability, suggested it would be a "ruler gesture" if other contenders simply capitulated.

Martin's stay at the top, if he wins, may be relatively brief—he is, after all, 61. But his influence on the party could be long-lasting, says one key strategist in his campaign. His view, that the country's ability to create an economically just society flows directly from its ability to create wealth, is now generally accepted within the party, and by most Canadians. "He's been instrumental in repositioning the Liberal party at the very epicentre of Canadian politics," says the strategist. "He's so popular because there's no light between him and the party." As campaign slogans go, "the party (not me)" may lack a certain democratic appeal, but to mention modesty, for better or worse, it comes pretty close to describing the symbiotic relationship Paul Martin has doggedly built with Liberals.



## CAN LORD SAVE THE TORIES?

Insiders believe the New Brunswick premier is the one to revive the party, BENNET AUBIN reports

IT TAKES a political animal to know one. Either this sentiment is an obscure idiom fitting snugly on the Northgate River in New Brunswick, Brian Mulroney told a gathering of big game from Canada and the United States. "The future leader of the

Conservative party is among us in this room, and it is not me. I'll not be the next again."

In attendance with the former prime minister were former U.S. president George Bush, Quebec business tycoon Pierre Karl

Levesque and Paul Desmarais Jr., American multimillionaire Tom Hicks, Randall Opliger of Barrick Gold. And one Bernard Lord, 57, the then little-known Conservative premier of New Brunswick. "Some of the men there were almost double the size of me, but all of them were totally impressed by his sophistication and composure," says one witness to the three-day fishing trip that members of New Brunswick's own business elite—the McCains, the Irving—also attended.

In early August, he Clark made his appearance, but long-awaited announcement that he would step down as Tory leader in early 2000. The Bernard Lord, 57, broke the surface at the Tory convention in Edmonton two weeks later. There he delivered a speech brimming with catchy one-liners such as, "The most important question is not who will lead the party but where do we want to lead Canada." He argued that a national coalition of Conservatives can be rebuilt "by reaching out across parties to conservatives with common principles that we can share." For good measure, Lord added, "this is what we did in New Brunswick. We succeeded because we believe in ourselves." The 1,300 delegates were won. So many of them murmured the hand saw that Lord's people had looked, Lord himself never made it to his party.

In the weeks since, Lord has emerged in the national media as the greatest perfect candidate, one who can rule in on his own terms and turn around the sagging fortunes of the hapless Progressive Conservative Party of Canada. Despite he still has much he wants to accomplish in New Brunswick, Lord has so far declined to declare whether he'll even be a candidate. His stand position is the door is closed to the idea of running, but it is not locked. He says he will announce in the days to come "whether I have locked it or left it unlocked." Even so, Lord is the antipolitical front runner in the still undecided race. The other possible candidates—among them Nova Scotia MP Peter MacKay and Toronto business executive John Tarr, president and CEO of Rogers Cable Inc., whose parent company also owns Mediaset—have been very quiet lately. All are waiting for Lord to declare whether he is running.

The party opportunists want him to

run. Really. And they went him raw. An affront, but efficient, organisation has taken shape in all provinces, promulgating a strategy, support and manpower if he takes the plunge into federal politics. On Sept. 4, in Montreal, for instance, a group of some 50 journalists—many whose membership cards had long since expired—gathered to sign a petition urging Lord to run. “It hasn’t seemed such a crazy idea since Brian Mulroney came upon the scene,” one in attendance told Macdonald.

The effervescence surrounding a possible Lord trigger a few knowing sniffs as well. “The last time the Establishment got all frothy over a new candidate, it was for Jean Charest, and look at him now,” one Quebec-based senator remarked, referring to the fact the one-time Tory leader seems to have dropped from sight since becoming leader of the Quebec Liberals in April, 1998. So, Tory operatives are careful this time with labels. “I don’t believe in senates, and I don’t think that’s what is at the moment,” says Peter White, a far

left once a year later, he ran in a by-election in the safer Liberal fortress in the province, Montreal-West, and won. Then, in the June, 1999, election, his party overcame a 24-point deficit in the polls to sweep 47 of the province’s 55 seats. “I have taken bold risks,” Lord acknowledged in an interview, “but I don’t roll the dice. I calculate them very carefully.”

Lord was born in Montreal, Que., where his father, a bush pilot, was killed at the time, but he grew up near Montreal. He married Diane Hecht, a bilingual Academic, while still studying law in Montreal. Asked how she knew he was marrying a politician, she says, “Yes, I think I did, but I don’t know if Bernard knew at the time.” Her cue: Lord was elected president of the students’ federation during his first year on campus.

Today, Lord’s government is in the third year of its first mandate, with favourable polls and a disorganised opposition. That’s one of the reasons he says he’s still calculating whether to run for the national

senators, pushing across reformers’ bureaucracy, reduce deficits to spare up education and health care—and promising to make New Brunswick “the best place in Canada to raise a family.” Investing, science, tourism, jobs. But inspiring dramatic, spontaneous, no.

His political style is comparable to Robert Bourassa—he’s a leader who knows his flock will follow him as long as he takes it where it wants to go. And when he talks about his government’s record he veers on bores. “We have talked through sound budgets, we have had to make tough choices to get there. We have refused taxes to make the province more competitive, we are changing the way we deliver services to people.” But Lord also has a dash of Brian Mulroney about him: he knows how to keep his friends close, and his adversaries even closer. When Lord’s government unveiled the province’s language law in June, he invited Louis Robichaud, the former Liberal premier and father of the original law, to speak

## FOR A PARTY MIRED IN A FUNK, LORD’S TRACK RECORD IS IRRESISTIBLE. HE HAS A HISTORY OF MOVING FAST, AND OF WINNING AGAINST LONG ODDS.

not high-powered Tory fundraiser. Still, he clearly has big hopes for Lord. The once mighty Conservative coalition has splintered into regional factions—the Canadian Alliance in the West, the Bloc in Quebec, and PC peckers in Ontario and the Maritimes—leaving the Liberals all alone in the big leagues of coast-to-coast political parties. “His damn Lord could change all that,” there are two men on the political scene in Canada who can best this political addition, Mike Harris and Bernard Lord. “While says ‘Harris seems to have decided not to put himself forward in this round, so that leaves Bernard Lord. I don’t see anybody else.’”

For a PC party mired in a deep funk—lost for just place with the NDP in the House of Commons—Lord’s track record is irresistible. He has a history of moving fast, of visiting against long odds, and of keeping together an improbable coalition of French speaking Academics and right-wing Anglo-Lois captured the leadership of the New Brunswick Tories in 1997, an improbable feat for a 52-year-old, no matter how bilingual and bilingual (mother an Academic, father anglophone)



Lord and Hecht are wrestling with the difficult choice of leaving a good and easy life.

leadership at this time. “My intentions have been still as to stay and not in New Brunswick, but I have been surprised by the extent of support that exists out there,” he says.

No, it’s not Lord, the young premier of a one-time-one province, really the national solution? For New Brunswick, it’s a brilliant, unorthodox politician, who runs a conservative government with small-

from the premier’s chair during a special ceremony in the legislature.

Lord in many ways is rising to step into the federal stage. “It is a very competitive, I love politics and everything that comes with it,” he says. “But all he knows.” “To me, politics is not a game. I entered public life because I felt I had something to contribute, I wanted to contribute. The question for me now is where can I contribute the most at this time?” Heald adds that they’re pondering the difficult choice to move on to another career, another city, would not be manufacturing, they say, “We really want to see protect our family.” But life is good and easy in Fredericton, she says. The premier can drive his own minivan, and leave his two kids, Sébastien and Justine, at school on his way to the office, listening to Supertramp as he parks by the General Building on King Street.

Reflecting on his first federal political career, Lord says, “People have told me to wait all my life, and I have never waited.” Now, the tables have turned? There is a huge crowd out there, urging Bernard Lord to move fast, now.



## CHAMPION OF THE FAR LEFT

Toronto councillor Jack Layton represents one wing fighting for the NDP, writes ROBERT SHEPPARD

IT WILL SURPRISE MANY in the national party he hopes to lead that Toronto councillor Jack Layton, master coalition-builder and ubiquitous champion of causes, has a secret life—as a charity fundraiser. It’s an ambition that gapped him as a messenger anglicized Italian, just west of Montreal. He’d practice speed-talking in the shower. But it really took hold about a dozen or so years ago as he was fighting off the vapours of middle age. To his surprise he discovered he could raise serious money—he estimates about \$15 million so far—for his own many loved causes, block-by-block

secretly, or a homeless shelter in a down town world. Actions, he says, “have a wonderful inefficiency that needs to be explored for a good cause. Basically you talk fast and raise people.” Meet Jack Layton, fundraising would be leader of the federal NDP.

In a remarkable nearly 20 years in Toronto civic politics, where he and his wife, fellow councillor Olivia Chow, have been the one-two punch behind all manner of progressive achievements, Layton has nonetheless been drowned in his bid for higher office. In 1991 he lost the race

to be Toronto’s mayor when big-business forces coalesced against him at the last minute. In 1995 and 1997 he was defeatist—thumped would not be too strong a term in the first instance—while carrying the NDP colours in federal campaigns.

But Layton is not someone to let mere defeat weigh down a good cause, or an effervescent agent. “I’m increased in charge, not power,” he says. That’s why he spent the last five years at the formerly stately-headed Protection of Canadian Municipality, working his way up the ranks, forging coalitions of once warring big and small communities to win money—substantial amounts, at that—for public housing and energy conservation from politician Christian Liberal. To the point now where he has an intriguing national base, and—many say—may even be the front-runner to succeed Alexa McDonough in three months time.

It’s early days yet, but a quick census of NDP luminaries suggests that of the six candidates now in the race, Layton and Montreal NDP MP Blaise will be the two duking it out on the final ballot. They couldn’t be any more different. Blaise, 51, is a big, burly, burrhead-voiced guy, a former downy student, a former United Church minister, who has sat out—and made a solid contribution to—virtually every parliamentary committee known to humankind in his 23 years in the House of Commons. Layton, 52, is a perky hustler reemerge, a former conservative water polo player and university professor who has made an art of leveraging money positions (carshare recycling, bike lanes, alternative energy sources) into official policy. Together, Layton and Blaise represent the mirrored elements of the deficit that is currently waiting at the end of the NDP. Does it fit in the rationale as the rub-thumping conscience of Parliament, as Blaise would have it, or somewhere out there on the streets where the action seems to be?

It’s a debate that’s been brewing for years, between two leaders, ever since splintering, solid Ed Broadbent stepped down in 1988, leaving the NDP with 43 seats and a threshold in almost every region. Whether the NDP is now has 34 seats in Parliament, and a year ago, it so called renewal convention, 90 per cent of the delegates even wanted to jettison the NDP name, sever the formal connections with

organized labour and throw the party open to the bernadine storming protesters who were riding on the forces of globalization. "Open the doors" became the rallying cry of the NDP's progressive wing, the left of the left. And though they were shouted down, or at least drowned at the microphones, by the party establishment, that group has now found a new champion in Layton—witness the fact that Bernadine-Douglas MP Bernard Robinson is one of his prime backers.

Mind you, Layton's baritone is not everyone's. What he seems to want is nothing less audacious than to remake the national NDP as an urban party with its activists and agenda rooted in civic politics and much less in the traditional issue-saturated lumber disputes, health care, tax reform—that dominate the *Blaine* agenda. Ask Layton what he wants to take on and he quickly rattles off: affordable housing, sustainable public transportation, energy conservation as a tool to implement the Kyoto environmental agreement, federal

over that." But can he get himself elected under the NDP banner in Toronto? And can he win over a party that's put down its strongest roots in the rural West?

In a nod to the renewal movement, labour's clout has been reduced, slightly, to 25 per cent of the votes in the leadership convention in late January. What's more, all members get a vote, over the Internet if they choose. Which makes this exercise like a huge nomination meeting, with a priority on signing up new members, than anything the NDP has been used to in the past.

Layton plays down the importance of instant members. But others in his campaign don't. And in a party where tiny Saskatchewan has close to the same number of signed-up members as Ontario, there is plenty of room to grow. That's why freshman Windsor MP Joe Cavanis has thrown his hat into the ring, to raise his C-99 roots and all those small Ontario communities he has been visiting since being elected two years ago. Some per-

twining in the months ahead.

The new face of the Left? Perhaps. But remember this: it's a party based on fiery dreamers as much as earthy pragmatists. The pigmen know that the NDP holds power in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and that in Ed Broadbent's day they occupied 10 of Saskatchewan's 14 federal seats. This helps explain why veteran Saskatchewan MP Lorne Nyssen is in the race, again, his third try at the leadership. In the short term, some argue, with an electable Western leader the party stands a better chance of realigning seats from the little-term Canadian Alliance than winning new ones in uncertain urban Ontario.

With Layton you get a fresh face, also media polished and French-speaking. But who is self-finding his footing on national issues. You also get one half of Toronto's intriguing municipal power couple. He often starts sentences "Olivia and I..." Their downtown home is an eclectic mix of family—his two grown children from a previous marriage are always about and her

## WHAT LAYTON SEEMS TO WANT IS NOTHING LESS AUDACIOUS THAN TO REMAKE THE NATIONAL NDP AS AN URBAN PARTY ROOTED IN CIVIC POLITICS

tax points for cities, re-examining Canada Pension Plan funding to move a sort of volatile stock market and into community investments. He cites what U.S. mayors and the Federation of Canadian Municipalities have done in forming coalitions across jurisdictions to bring money from federal coffers. And for the how-to he points to the way the Ontario NDP helped stop the huge privatisation of Hydro One earlier this year by doing its homework and getting out in all the small communities to raise doubts about the deal.

It's a style of politics as which Layton is particularly well suited, says ally and former Toronto mayor John Sewell. Think about the city's current mayor, Mel Lastman, suddenly becoming a national voice for the baronies last winter. Or former finance minister Paul Martin handing the PCM \$250 million to backroll the greening of Canadian cities. "That's Layton, behind the scenes, getting the conditions together and getting others to do it," argues Sewell. "Though I think he often bites off more than he can chew, he's very good at working with people who are not particularly NDP. He just jumps right



By forming improbable coalitions, he's raising money from federal coffers

helps for Pierre Duceppe, an energetic Quebec organizer in a province that has proven to be stony ground. And that's why Layton is relentlessly sipping into his own municipal coffers list across the country, to broaden the base. And why he spent his first week with the *Barnes* Ladies last week into a questionnaire Layton action to get that at seeing the popular band in a small concert venue in downtown Toronto, young fans had to buy a membership in the party—and subject themselves to some leadership arro-

gely mean lives with them—and causes. They even ran federally at the same time in 1997; she nearly won. But he's the one with the energy to burn and the fiery story that keeps him charging forward.

His father, Robert Layton, was a junior minister in Brian Mulroney's Conservative government, a pro-Quebecer single from Montreal. His grandfather was a cabinet minister in Maurice Duplessis's Union Nationale government and split with the boss over contraception. But the real wellspring of activism was great-grandfather Philip Layton, who came to Canada as a blind teenager from Britain. He created a successful business buying and selling pianos and went on to found the Montreal Association for the Blind and perhaps even Canada's first social program in the 1935 election, he won pledges from both the Liberals and Conservatives to bring in \$25-a-month pension for the blind—threatening if they didn't, he would show up on Parliament Hill with a legion of sightless people with their canes. "He was just a guy bit of a man," says his great-grandson, "but determined." And a coalition builder to boot.



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# NOT FOR JUSTICE, BUT OIL

Installing a friendly regime in Baghdad could provide the U.S. with cheap fuel

**LIKE AN AGGRESSIVE** prosecutor, Prime Minister Tony Blair stood in the British House of Commons last week and laid out the case for toppling Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein. Citing a 59-page British intelligence dossier, he warned that Iraq forces have the capability of firing weapons carrying anthrax and nerve gas within 45 minutes of receiving an order from Saddam. The Iraqis, said Blair, also have mobile germ warfare laboratories and are trying to buy uranium for their nuclear weapons program from an African country. But many MPs and foreign leaders remained unconvinced, claiming the report contained nothing new. Labour MP Alan Simpson also questioned the motives behind the push to bring down Saddam. "President Bush needs to do this to satisfy his thirst," he said. "But his thirst is not for justice but for oil."

In the list of reasons given by Washington for ousting Saddam in recent months, oil is rarely mentioned. But American foreign policy in the Middle East is still deeply influenced by the 1973 Arab embargo, which drove the price of oil from US\$5 a barrel to \$12, triggering galloping inflation and pushing the U.S., Canada and Europe into a deep recession. America now depends on the Middle East for 27.5 per cent of its oil, and that figure is expected to climb dramatically in the coming years. By installing a regime friendly to the United States in Iraq, which controls 11 per cent of the world's oil supply and has massive untapped reserves, George W. Bush would ensure the U.S. has cheap crude for years. "Oil is at the centre of our Middle East policy," said Charles W. Peltz, a former U.S. Defense Department adviser. "Everything we do in the region is essentially to ensure ourselves a cheap supply."

Talk of war has already pushed the price of oil from \$19 a barrel earlier this year to a 39-month high of \$31. There is little relief in sight. At a meeting in Osaka on Sept. 20,



the Organisation of the Petroleum Exporting Countries, which includes Iraq, said it would not boost production to bring down the price. The high cost, OPEC officials claimed, amounted to a "new premium" triggered by the threat of an invasion of Iraq. "I think they are political prices, not market prices," said Qatar oil minister Abdullah bin Hamad Al Thani.

The price could become even more political. The U.S. is struggling to stay out of recession, the European economy is slowing and Japan is trying to avoid falling

back into recession. A prolonged spike in oil prices to even higher levels would put a brake on already spurring economic growth in the West, possibly triggering a global recession. Ironically, when prices soared to nearly \$40 a barrel during the Gulf War in 1991, it helped push the U.S. into recession and cost Bush's father the White House.

Now Bush the younger risks falling prey to the same scenario. According to Vincent Laseurman, global energy strategist at the Canadian Energy Research

Institute in Calgary, how high oil prices go will depend on how quickly Saddam is toppled once war breaks out. If the regime is easily defeated, Laseurman says, prices will spike to \$35 a barrel and then quickly drop to the \$22 range with little negative impact. But if the battle is prolonged inside Iraq, he predicts the price will jump to \$40 and, if fighting spreads to neighbouring countries, it could hit \$50 before eventually settling back somewhere into the mid \$20s.

If the war goes badly, OPEC could help ease concerns by flooding the market to drive the price down. But OPEC's decision will be tempered by Arab reaction to the fighting, says Matthew Janach, an oil expert and managing director of BMO Nesbitt Burns in Calgary. If there is widespread anger in Arab capitals it will be difficult for OPEC to raise production. And now OPEC countries, including Russia and Canada, won't be able to help, adds Laseurman, because they're already pumping at full capacity and have no excess supplies.

In the long run, the picture is better if the U.S. is able to install a friendly regime. Officially, Iraq currently under an embargo, is exporting almost one million barrels a day under a UN aid-for-oil program that allows the country to sell oil and use the proceeds for the purchase of food, medicine and other humanitarian supplies. Analysts believe a pro-U.S. regime would likely turn the oil fields over to American firms to develop. Once producing fully (between five and seven million barrels a day), Iraq would boost world supplies by almost 10 per cent and bring down the price. "The increased production would have a very, very significant effect on world oil prices," says Kyle Cooper, an oil analyst with Solomon Smith Barney in New York City. "You're probably looking at prices in the upper teens."

American control of Iraq oil would also produce two other changes: the White House would welcome a dramatic increase in supplies could weaken, or even lead to the collapse of OPEC as member nations attempt to maintain market share by stepping up production. "You'd get an oil war as the Saudis pump more to protect their share," says Cooper. "That would push prices down even more."

Bringing massive amounts of Iraqi oil



Refiners in the Desam northwest of Baghdad could again be operating full out

to market could also free the U.S. from its dependence on Saudi Arabia, which now accounts for almost 15 to 25 per cent of U.S. oil needs. For Washington, that dependency is problematic, some U.S. national security planners believe the Saudi royal family may be destabilized by Islamic militants in the near future, or the country may disintegrate in a civil war as rival factions in the ruling family battle to replace King Fahd, who is 84 and dying. But the instability of Iraq of would all but eliminate the U.S. need for Saudi Arabia.

The U.S. energy sector, an industry that Bush, Vice-President Dick Cheney and National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice have close ties to, would quickly move into Iraq. (Bush once owned an oil company, Cheney ran one, and Rice is a former director of Chevron Corp. and has an oil tanker named after her.) And oil companies from a number of other coun-

tries, including France, China and Russia, have interests in Iraq. Nervous that they might be excluded by a pro-American government, their representatives have met with allied Iraqi opposition leaders in Washington in an attempt to ensure their position in the country in the post-Saddam era. But those opposition leaders, Peltz says, made it clear they won't be bound by any agreements Saddam made with foreign oil companies.

Bush's drive to launch an offensive against Saddam seemed to gain ground in Washington as Congress, at week's end, discussed a resolution to authorize the President to use ground forces in Iraq. British and U.S. officials also drafted a UN Security Council resolution that would give Saddam two months to fully cooperate with arms inspections or face military retaliation. But foreign leaders continued to express doubts about an invasion. In Ottawa, Jean Chrétien said there is still not enough evidence to warrant an attack, while French President Jacques Chirac and Chinese Prime Minister Zhu Rongji voiced similar concerns. But it is unlikely that Saddam will give inspectors full access to Iraq's installations. And that will mean that the dreamboats of what some are calling a war for oil will only increase in the days ahead.

**'Oil is at the centre of our Middle East policy. Everything we do is ostensibly to ensure ourselves a cheap supply.'**

With William Leffler in Washington

# THE BURDEN OF CHOICE

War is a prime minister's loneliest decision

IN AUGUST, 1990, during the first days of the Persian Gulf crisis, Brian Mulroney flew to Washington for a private dinner with the first President Bush in the family dining room of the White House.

The Prime Minister was accompanied only by his chief of staff Stanley Hart. The President was joined only by his wife, Barbara, his external security adviser Brent Scowcroft, and the deputy secretary of state, Larry Eagleburger. Bush had the CIA reports—from satellite shots to telephone intercepts—confirming the Iraqi occupation of Kuwait. Already, the President had vowed that “this will not stand.” But he didn’t want the United States ongo it alone, and asked Mulroney for his advice, and Canada’s support, in building a coalition to oust Saddam Hussein.

“First of all, George,” Mulroney said, “you’ve got to get a resolution from the United Nations,” authorizing use of force if necessary, as cover for what would become Operation Desert Storm, and as a prerequisite for Canadian participation in it. “Canada is a reliable ally,” Mulroney added. “But I can’t ask Canadians to support this unless it’s ratified by the Security Council.” Mulroney also warned Bush that British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher could not be seen as leading the coalition effort in Europe. “If you want everybody onside,” he told Bush, “it can’t appear as if Margaret is juggling support in Europe. You’ve got to get François Mitterrand on board.”

“How would you suggest I do that?” Bush asked.

“Call him first thing in the morning. Paris time.”

“OK,” Bush told Scowcroft, “have them wake me at 5 a.m.”

Because Bush went out of his way to court France’s president, a notoriously difficult ally stepped the course as a leader of the coalition in Europe and the French speaking world. There are three points of historical continuity to this. First, Canada’s preferred path is an international status in



Now, it's Clinton's turn to ponder the possibility of committing troops to battle

the UN, going back half a century to the Korean War. Military intervention may occur under U.S. leadership, but we prefer it under the flag of the UN. For Canada, it's not only a question of moral legitimacy, it's a matter of not being perceived as vassals of the Americans.

Second, there is Canada's historic role as honest broker, as a bridge between America and Europe. The Canadian voice began even before the First World War. In 1911, Prime Minister Robert

Borden told a New York audience of “the duty of Canada to become more and more of a bond of goodwill between this Great Republic and our Empire.”

And third, since Borden's time, the decision of going to war, and responsibility for its conduct, ultimately falls on the shoulders of the prime minister alone. Borden in the First World War, Mackenzie King in the Second, Louis St. Laurent in Korea, Mulroney in the Persian Gulf War, and Jean Chrétien in the war on terrorism, have all borne the lonely burden of putting Canadians in harm's way.

Now the second President Bush is evidently determined to take the Road to Baghdad—not a Hope and Crosby movie, but a sequel to his father's war. As before, our prime minister has asked a president to make the case at the United Nations, and seek a Security Council resolution authorizing the use of force. As before, the American intent is to oust Saddam Hussein, this time from his own country rather than an occupied one. Like his father before him, Bush can count on the British prime minister, and has already secured the president of France. Even the Italian prime minister got invited to Camp David for the weekend, while the Canadian PM got invited to Detroit. In the real West Wing, those things happen for a reason.

What is our policy and what is our purpose? If we stand aside, we will stand apart from the Americans and British, our closest allies with whom we have music common since in most military campaigns of the last century. If we join with them, we may be asking our ally, whose capacity has been degraded by successive governments, to undertake a mission for which they are ill-equipped.

Parliament may debate the Iraq question. Cabinet may discuss it from every angle, including any collateral damage to the world's most important commercial relationship if we don't support the Americans. But in the end, Canada's policy, and Canadian lives, depend on the Prime Minister. Surrounded by advisers, he is completely alone. ■

Author and columnist, L. Ian MacDonald, is a former chief speech writer to Mulroney, also served as head of public affairs at the Canadian Embassy in Washington. He is the new editor of Policy Options, the magazine of the Institute for Research on Public Policy.

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# 'FREEDOMS ARE VERY EASILY LOST'

The acclaimed author talks about Iraq, Islam and threats to Western liberties

**FOR 10 YEARS**, acclaimed writer Salman Rushdie lived under a fatwa, a death sentence declared by Iraqi Muslim clerics who deemed his novel *The Satanic Verses* to be blasphemous. The decree was lifted in 1998, and the next year the Bombay-born, much-travelled author moved from London to New York—to find his adopted home the target of terrorism. *Step Across This Line*, a new non-fiction anthology, offers his witty, opinionated take on top acts from soccer and rock music to the roots of Islamic terrorism. Rushdie, 55, gave a reading last week at the Vancouver International Writers Festival. And he discussed memories of war, and the New York state of mind, with Vancouver *Interim* Chief Kim MacQuinn.

**You were in Texas last Sept. 11, when New York—your new home—was attacked. What do you feel that day?**

I felt a kind of domestic violation, the way you would feel if somebody broke into your house and did something terrible to it. Apart from the things we all felt that day, shock, disturbance of the soul and so on, I realized how deeply New York had sunk into me. I surprised myself by the strength and depth of that feeling. Maybe after a lifetime of being uninvolved and sitting around I'm finally getting back.

**You wrote of the attacks that the response will be judged on whether people feel safe again in their daily lives. Well?**

The fact is the city has regained a lot of its quality. People seem to have learned to live with the possibility of violence in their lives. They've repossessed their city in a way, saying, "You're not going to take that away from me."

**Lord knows you're an expert on living with the potential of unexpected violence. There must be costs to that.**

Yes, there are. I guess New York in many ways is still a city in a state of grief—it's just below the surface. Still, people have

regained their ability to get on with their lives and do stuff, and actually to be misty again. New Yorkers don't say, "After you," they say, "I'm walking here." The moment in which that came back I thought was a moment of hope.

**Was the fatwa you lived under an unintended warning of the growth of what you call "xenomilitarism"?**

One of the things I tried to do in those years was talk about the extent to which such a financial project was beginning to disown the lives of many of these societies across the Muslim world. I've tried to say now for, what, at least 12 years that what happened to me is not just a blip. I tried to say, look there are writers all over the Muslim world who are being accused of blasphemy, who are being accused of apostasy. Many of them are being jailed, some of them are being killed. There were some people who felt what I was saying was kind of special pleading, that I was trying to draw attention to my own case by aggrandizing it. I guess I was just a little ahead of the curve.

**A year later, the U.S. and Britain are poised to strike at Saddam Hussein. I really hope not.**

**What are the risks?**

I think he's a big problem. As evidence emerges it becomes clearer and clearer that he has been trying to regain his capacity to make some very scary things. I don't have a perfect position about that. I was totally in favour of what was done in Afghanistan and I still am. I think the defeat of the Taliban is a great gain for mankind! With Saddam, the question for me is not, oh dear, let's not go and fight. It's, what would I think they have no idea what they would put in his place. We know the United States would win, it's a war with only one result. But the question is, then what? I also think even the United States can't afford to be globally isolated

having gone to the UN, and having got Saddam to make this climbdown [to allow weapons inspection]. I think you've got to see if it's genuine offer or not.

**Could a U.S. attack trigger a united Islamic jihad?**

I feel a little less concerned about that than I did because the Saudis are now saying, after a great deal of arm-twisting, that they would allow American bases in Saudi Arabia to be used. The Iranians have said, in that wonderfully Iranian way, that they would not seek to exploit the situation. Reading between the lines, they're not prepared to come in on the Iraqi side. Finally, a month ago a lot of people didn't think there was any real reason to believe that Saddam was holding weapons of mass destruction. Now there is a lot more credibility to that claim. And that, even in the Muslim world, strengthens the American hand.

**Our prime minister is among those saying that global inequality and terrorism are at least a contributing factor to Sept. 11.**

I think they've only been a contributing factor in a propaganda sense. I don't think they're directly responsible. That's to say, yes, the inequalities of the world, the inequality in distribution of resources, the Palestinian issue—particularly the Palestinian issue—are a major restraining force for fairness. However, I don't believe that the bin Laden group, or similar groups, are at all interested in decreasing the amount of injustice in the world, and certainly they themselves do not come from the world's oppressed. Bin Laden is a very wealthy man, and look at the people who funded those planes, they are all middle-class kids. Of course, there is a parallel track which has to do with the world's injustice. The one feeds off the other, it's true, but I do not go along at all with "America got what it deserved" arguments. These people are not trying to make a revolution which makes the world



a better place, they're simply trying to make a certain kind of grab for power.

**Would a resolution of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict lower the risk?**

It would change the discourse completely. I think it would make possible an attack on the terrorism from inside Muslim countries, which currently people will not contemplate because of the degree of animosity toward America, due to Palestine.

**Are you concerned that the enemies of freedom you find dear may be transforming "us" into "them"?**

I think it's something to be really worried about. Would it not be a dreadful irony if

we would do this to ourselves in the defence of freedom we would give up our liberties? Suddenly you don't have to give people reasons why they are being swept off the street and held incommunicado, interrogated and deported. The ordinary rules of civility don't apply and the sort of kind of kangaroo court will deal with assets in a summary way. Freedom are hard won and very easily lost. I worry that people in the U.S. and elsewhere—because there are similar problems developing in other Western states—won't resist enough yet about this threat. In the absence of that debate, the people who are trying to crush those freedoms are just going ahead and pinching them.

**Even the most serious essays in your new book are shot through with subversive humour. I can't tell if this makes you an optimist or a cynic?**

Humour doesn't have to be funny. It has—it's a way of looking at the world. That's what I suspend to in other people's writing and so it's what I hope I am able to preserve in my own. The world always surprises you. Zoroastrianism is the science of being wrong about the future, and both optimism and cynicism are ways of looking forward. I try to avoid them both, because, who knows? Meanwhile, we've got some problems, so let's deal with those and let the future take care of itself. 



## WATCH OUT FOR BONDS

Thanks to rampant speculation, they now look like a riskier bet than stocks

**BY NOW**, almost everyone knows that stocks can be high-risk, high-volatility assets. And by now, almost everyone knows that bonds are low-risk, low-volatility assets. So why have U.S. bond fund managers just reported the widest variation in investment returns on record?

The lead story in the latest issue of *Pensions & Investments*, the trade journal of pension fund investing, is this: For the year ended June 30, the spread between returns of the top-performing bond managers and the worst-performing was 697 basis points, or 6.97 per cent (we're talking about managers handling investment-grade paper, not junk bonds).

I've managed bonds or written research on the bond market for three decades, and I've never seen anything like this dispersion of returns. Typically, the difference in one-year results among investment-grade managers is less than one per cent.

Although normal in debt markets, most managers' returns would differ more than casually, one disaster contributed heavily to those big spreads. Enron and WorldCom. Those two "New Economy" disasters were both ranked (by the seemingly omniscient bond rating agencies) as investment-grade assets at the day they declared bankruptcy. That means "core" investors could own them. Enron was not a major issuer of unsecured bonds, but WorldCom was one of the world's biggest corporate issuers in the past three years. Its collapse bruised bond portfolios from Mississippi to Munich.

That big companies which are big bond issuers could be big bums in a matter of a few weeks seems to the nebulous accounting and corporate governance practices that flourished among so many "New Economy" companies until the demise and alarm of the mid-'90s. Most of the headlines have talked about the losses to shareholders, but more money was lost by bondholders than shareholders when WorldCom finally filed its

and admitted that there was no here here.

Those were the direct losses. But there was multi-billion-dollar collateral damage to holders of other telecom bonds. Investors unloaded value bonds of all types, deciding that trying to sort out which companies were the financial equivalent of bubonic plague from those that were merely West Nile virus wasn't worth the effort.

Despite the wide range of bond returns for the past year, many major institutional investors are adding to their bond positions to reduce their portfolio risk. They are probably making about 10¢.

Why? Because the basic bonds don't trade as bonds but as the opposite of stocks.

The foundation of the U.S. bond market is the U.S. Treasury bond market. It is the world's pre-eminent debt experience, being both deep and liquid. Until recently, it was a much safer place to be than in the U.S. stock market.

That has changed. In recent months, Treasury bonds have not traded primarily as bonds, but as anti-stocks. They are long-term insurance, like stocks, but they have a fixed term, a fixed rate of interest, and zero credit risk.

And they go up sharply when stocks go down sharply. Those thousands of hedge funds have found they can bet against stocks best by trading them for bonds. A hedge fund can, in effect, eliminate its entire exposure to the stock market and go 100 per cent into long bonds with one phone call to a dealer. The fund sells S&P and Nasdaq futures against to the

**A hedge fund can eliminate its entire exposure to the stock market and go 100 per cent into long bonds with one call to a dealer**

value of the fund's U.S. equity holdings, and buys an equal dollar amount of futures on the 10-year and 30-year treasury bonds. So liquid are those markets that the trade would barely move the prices on those derivatives, representing billions of dollars of underlying assets, by more than a couple of "ticks." (A tick is one-thirtieth of a point in a futures or options contract.)

No stocks are actually sold, just the futures. So there's no problem about finding buyers in a plunging stock market.

And when it feels like the selling is temporarily exhausted, you just reverse the trade and you own stocks again.

This year there have been many more days in which stocks have fallen sharply than days in which stocks have risen sharply. Besides the third straight year in which bonds have outperformed stocks, and, thanks to those higher prices, record low yields on the key benchmark measures. The key bond—the 10-year treasury—now yields only 3.4 per cent, which is far too low with U.S. inflation in the two per cent range. Rampant speculation against stocks has driven it there.

If treasuries were behaving as bonds, yields would be at least one percentage point higher. The U.S. current account deficit has reached a scary five per cent of GDP, the American dollar is falling against key currencies, and the U.S. is the prime target of terrorism.

Someday, the U.S. economy will revive. Someday, the Fed will have to raise rates from record-low levels to normal levels. When those events occur, the U.S. bond market will be hit hard, because bonds will stay trading as bets against stocks and will trade as bonds again. Bondholders will lose big, as they did during the sell-off of 1994, the worst year for securities since 1927.

Unless you are convinced the U.S. is about to fall into a deep recession, it would be a bad trade to cut stocks now in favour of long bonds. The investor will have exited one bear market just in time to enter another. For the first time since 1994, U.S. long-term government bonds are probably riskier than U.S. stocks. □

Donald Cose is the author of *How to Invest Smart*. Managed in Chicago and of Toronto-based [www.walstarinvestments.com](http://www.walstarinvestments.com). His column appears every week. [donc@redstone.ca](mailto:donc@redstone.ca)

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## 'The fast is a good way to practise resisting temptations'

Oppenheimer Park is in the middle of Vancouver's downtown Eastside. It is known for drug deals, drinking and prostitution. But for a few days last two summers, several dozen First Peoples from across Canada have taken over a corner of the park to gather strength from their traditions. Creating a contemporary, urban version of the Native trading camps of the past, they set up tents, raised a totem pole and played in sleds, drums, dancing and singing a mix of the city's tunes. This year, some of the men who usually spend their time drinking in the park took part. Jimmy Simons, 40, Gabeau MBE, grew up in Botanyville, Alaska, and Andy Desjarlais, 42, Inuvialuk. When a car accident shattered his pelvis 18 years ago, he North Northford, Sask. The two Metis discovered they were cousins after they met in the park a few years ago.

**Desjarlais:** When I was a kid, Cree was all I heard around the house. I spent two years in first grade because I didn't speak English.

I didn't have to go to residential school, but I miss it well here. I was the youngest of 12 kids. I didn't like what I saw at home so I ran away. I spent five years in four different foster homes. They shouldn't bounce you around like that, especially with your mind. I've drunk since I was 11 years old. That's what they did back home. I've seen my whole family drink for 90 days.

I had a job in Alberta for eight years. I moved out to Vancouver in 2000. When I first got here I used to work every day, but I lost the drive. These last two years, I spent a lot of time in Oppenheimer Park. I like my freedom. I like staying outside the whole time. I feel good when I wake up in the morning in the fresh air. I like it here. I like the people. It can be tough here. About 20 people I know have died since I came here. Good friends, people I used to share around with. Everyone is walking around with tomatoes in their eyes.

I wanted to see what the fast was all about. I never did it before. I actually enjoyed it. It

was a great year. I think the fast is a good way to practise resisting temptations. To be right, maybe it's better of Vancouver and stay away from these temptations. Everything is right here and to say "no" to it is difficult for me. I thought a lot in those four days. I felt good at the end. I did something good for a change.

**Desjarlais:** My home is outside. I've been living here for 20 years. I've said no. It was in winter, even when it's cold, I still sleep outside. We all sleep outside, it's just the way things go. It's our family. We take care of one another.

My cousin asked me if I could fast for four days. He said he was doing it and I said OK. It was an honour to sleep in that tent. I slept like I hadn't slept in a long time. The smudging was good. It gave me spirit. It made in a certain way that I can't figure out, but it does the job. It helps me out. I had never done a fast before. It was a new experience. It was great. I enjoyed it.

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# SANDSTONE CITY

Calgary thrives on risk, but at times it's just ruthless

IT IS THE MOST postmodern street corner in the most postmodern city in the most postmodern country in the world. 1st Street and 10th Avenue S.W., in downtown Calgary. Walk south on 1st Street, under the rail tracks behind the Palliser Hotel, and there on the northeast corner of the intersection, you will see the strange sight of a parkade below.

Welcome to Buzzards "Cookbook & Waters" Hole," a country-style eatery straight out of a Western, with a sign on the front that all but "you-know-it" in ramage at you. Buzzards, you see, is "an authentic cowboy restaurant" offering genuine "cowboy cuisine."

Cracked leather saddles are draped over rough-hewn wooden fence rails. Figurines suggest which line the energetic branding irons and cattle skulls adorn the walls. It would almost feel authentic, in a kitschy sort of way, if it were not for the fact that directly above the cowhide and western folk, cars are parked seven deep. Half at the corner of 1st and 10th, a concrete downtown parkade and a good old-fashioned country cookhouse inhabit the same space like a Zen position.

Calgary is a self-invented city, and as such it is a godsend by default as much as by design. The eclectic mix of traditions, the confusion of folklore and folklore, the blurred borders between historic narrative and invented past: Calgary is both a glancing city of commerce, and a Western Canadian theme park.

**THEY CALL IT** the Sandstone City, and the theme is apt. The true texture of Calgary is stronger than soft, strong and gritty, yet as pleasantly vulnerable and prone to erosion.

I ended up in the Sandstone City more or less by accident. A few years ago, my wife and I were plotting the trajectory of our next move and we had reached an impasse. My wife wanted to go to "Yus-

cover," I wanted to go to Halifax. We split the difference and chose Calgary. It was to be a temporary move. But then we began our slow discovery of the city.

The village-in-a-ville that is Kensington. The quirky hilltop of Merle Loog. The slightly frayed charms of Inglewood. The rough knuckle pride of Victoria Park. The small cities of 4th Street. The drunken college kids on 17th Avenue. The handsome Warehouse Theatre, and the marionette at Fox Chase. In Calgary, the neighbourhoods are strung out the city like blueberries in a pinacolada breakfast (in use a Calgary-centric image).

Coming here after living at the Maritimes, I was shocked by how busy the people seemed to be. I had this strange recurring feeling that everyone was on their way to a meeting. "This is a no-nonsense city," a colleague said with a shrug. "It's part of its appeal. No wine talk-back, you should have stayed in the Maritimes."

Lagras. In a country where so many people bauld in the midlife middle, Calgary is a stark exception. This is a city of ruthless ambition sense—until that can be found at times, it can also be engendering.

To give you one example: when city officials were planning to build a new sports facility, they ran a survey and discovered that skateboarding had far surpassed hockey as the sport of choice among the city's youth. The solution? Instead of a hockey rink, they built a series of the set skateboarding venue. Calgary's Shaw Millennium Skatepark, a concrete marvel

of rolling concrete and swooping half-pipes, is the largest skateboard facility in the world, a Mecca of the buggy-pops slider set that dwells in skateboards from street North America. Seasonal for frozen ponds and backyard sleighs. Tough. Thus Calgary.

You are encouraged to think big. It is not a place for the half-hearted, and as such it can be unforgiving at times. I am tramping through the underbrush with historian Harry Sanders, the curator of Calgary's Heritage Urban Cemetery. A *Walking Guide* today, we are looking for a difference sort of landscape.

Harry goes crashing into the brambles and the thimbuckles and—"Here it is!" he says. The remnants of a fallen chimney and bricks and mortar. "And over here"—he has uncovered a sandstone wall—"this would have been the garden."

We are exploring the ruins of one man's dream. It is called Lindsey's folly, the remains of a mansion now eaten away with weeds. Nickle James (Calgary was a doctor who arrived as the first passenger train into Calgary in 1883. "Which is the coming one on the Mayflower," says Harry).

By Lindsey here the odds, crickling north and striking a rich in the Klondike. When he returned, he decided to build himself a sprawling sandstone mansion. He purchased Calgary's old Knox Presbyterian Church and had it destroyed, disbanding the stone blocks and bringing them here to his new compound above the Elbow River.

The history of Calgary has always been one of boom and bust, and in Lindsey's case, the boom went bust at the worst possible moment. His house was constructed just a few months after unadorned just a few months after the construction of its sandstone, the proud soul long gone, and little more than to retaining wall and a crumbling concrete foundation left behind an Ottomans arrangement in



the hidden hills of Calgary. It's as much a puzzle as it is a historic site.

"An early example of the dangers of over-investing in real estate," says Harry.

**THIS IS A CITY** that thrives on risk. In the 1990s, large oil and gas corporations, led by American interests, staged a full-scale invasion, gobbling up many mid-size Calgary companies. The managers of these smaller companies were put out to pasture where, being Californians, they immediately negotiated and launched a counterattack. John Clark of Bird Energy Inc. is an example of this invasion spirit. A geologist by training, he was the president of an energy company that was bought out by a larger operation a year ago. Together with Colin Ogilvy, another former president, Clark formed Revlon, a publicly traded exploration venture. The turnaround time was remarkably swift.

"I'm back in the game," Clark says with a grin. "Living in a boardroom and environment breeds a certain cynicism. 'The cycles are getting shorter,' he says. "It's starting to stabilize, but there is always a risk."

And if you can stay on the horse for eight months, you just might win it all.

John Clark seeks out profitable oil and gas opportunities, either through acquisition or exploratory drilling. Another world, he is a professional venture hunter. There is something wildly romantic about this. From ranches to oilmen, from cowboys to capitalists. Calgary breeds brave riders. It is one of the most testosterone-driven places I have ever been.

The downside? In Calgary, concrete tends to swamp everything else. This is a city where the horizon line is king. In my little neighbourhood there is an apparently infinite collection of mid-shops on one block. A Russian restaurant named the Kremlin (now closed), a flower shop in a hand-painted cottage, and a combination Greek restaurant (which is a spectacularly tacky pairing of the Venetian de Milo on one side) and Burger Inn ("the second most beautiful burger 100 in Calgary," selling everything from omelets to buffets). None of these buildings are architecturally significant at the least, but collectively they add to the striking, take-a-moment's-please-of-my-time. This entire block—five

the Kremlin to the Venetian de Milo—is about to be bulldozed and replaced with a shiny condo and chain more complex, the type that Calgary is already plastered with.

Penny Lane is a lot for a similar fate. Converted brick warehouses filled with sales and little shops, Penny Lane is one of the few nooks in downtown Calgary that still has any real sense of frontier character. The buildings are something tangible to the city, but they aren't deemed "historically significant" (a very slippery designation in Calgary, where "heritage status" seems to come for very little). So out they go to be replaced by yet another mid-rise building.

When I found out they were going to tear down Penny Lane, I got so angry I went home and started to pack. "I can't live in a place that values character so little," I told my wife. "We're moving back here." She nodded and said nothing, knowing full well it was all bluff and bluster. The movers packed, but the address legend. Sometimes Calgary is simply ruthless.

**OUR HILLSIDE** archeology is complicated. Harry and I are back at Buzzards Cookhouse having a beer. Pick any building in







# PRIVACY: WHO NEEDS IT?

We're better off without it, argues Canada's leading sci-fi writer

**WHenever** I visit a tourist attraction that has a guest register, I always sign it. After all, you never know when you'll need an alibi.

I've been doing this since I was a kid, but these days you don't have to take any position on leaving a trail behind. Almost everything we do is recorded. Closed-circuit cameras watch us in most public places. Our credit-card purchases, telephone calls and Web surfing are all tracked.

Ethnologists have devised these losses of privacy, as if it were the most sacred of human rights. But just what is the value of privacy? Do we really need it? And, indeed, can we afford it? After all, everything from your car's shopping to the destruction of the towers at the World Trade Center could have been prevented if we had less of an ability to do things in secret.

And yet we continue to insist that honest people need to have that ability. The founders of the United States, for instance, believed that governments have to be overthrown from time to time. That's the rationale behind their Second Amendment, allowing private gun ownership: the people need to be able to take up arms against an oppressive regime. And indeed the Americans did—but that was hundreds of years ago. In this, the Third Millennium, do we really need a social system based on allowing for armed uprisings and backroom conspiracies?

Surveillance and the collection of personal information are unavoidable in this closed-circuit, computerized world. Rather than trying to end them, we should be striving to find ways to maximize their benefits for the average citizen.

Earlier this year, I was keynote speaker at the 12th Annual Canadian Conference on Intelligent Systems, Canada's principal gathering of experts on robotics and artificial intelligence. The topic took me to the researchers there were concentrating on the modern pattern recognition and data

mining. So far, most applications for these technologies have been controversial. If you buy a Williams and are enrolled in a night-school course, you might be interested in buying textbooks on tape. But enough—and certainly missing if someone calls while you're eating dinner to tell you the umbrageous audio version of McLuhan's *Understanding Media*.

But I can't see the downside of an RCMP or CBS computer noting that your neighborhood has bought all the materials to make a pipe bomb and has booked a one-way flight to "Albini." About the only government entity routinely looking through personal data for patterns is the Canada Customs and Revenue Agency, but its major casual stakes on tax returns that might indicate a chance. Frankly, I'd much rather the government was tracking down potential terrorists, sex offenders and so on.

George Orwell scored the bighest out of us with his big brother. But when I was a kid, it was actually a comfort knowing that my own big brother was watching over me while I played in the park. With proper safeguards, there's no reason why any honest person should fear a little benign oversight.

Our peers already benefit from this. Dogs routinely have chips implanted to make them easy to find when lost—whereas our own children often disappear without a trace. Ask any parent who has had a son or daughter abducted if some abstract notion of privacy really is more important than the life of their child.

Still, I suspect will continue to insist

that monitoring of human means giving up too much. Perhaps. But as Scott McNealy, CEO of computer giant Sun Microsystems, says, "This is how privacy anyway. Get over it." In other words, such monitoring and tracking is already going on to benefit big business. Why not take advantage of it to improve our own lives?

Sure, no one wants people they don't know looking over their shoulder. But some of us take holiday photos, make home videos, keep a diary, or otherwise record what we know will be important moments of our lives. And yet the truly crucial moments—when a park makes a gain in your ribs, when another car side-swipes yours, when you accidentally leave your driveway but somehow go unrecorded simply because we didn't know they were about to happen.

But imagine a permanently activated recorder: a small implant, say, that keeps track of your whereabouts using signals from the satellite-linked Global Positioning System. Suppose the implant constantly broadcast your exact location to a centralized facility. At that facility—call it the Alibi Archives—you would have your own personal black box, keeping track of your movements.

No one but you, or, if you disappeared, your family or the police, could access the contents of your black box. But if you did disappear—kidnapped, lost, fallen down a hole, wandering aimlessly because of Alzheimer's—you could be quickly found. No more missing persons, no more desperate searches.

Sounds useful, no? Now, what about adding a constant transmission of your vital sign. If they indicated you were having a heart attack or stroke, an ambulance could be automatically dispatched.

That's not so scary, is it? OK, let's take it a step further. Add a tiny audiovisual recorder to the implant, and you could have a permanent home video of your



life made sensorially. Everything from demonstrating to your wife that you really did say, "That dress makes you look hot," not "No," to finding that lost *Leviathan* hat would be easy.

And, but it gets better. If everyone's actions were recorded—for their own only, unless a proper court order demanded otherwise—think of the reduction in crime. Who would assault, or harass, or rape, if they knew that the victim would have a complete off-the-cord record of the event made by their own implant?

And imagine the further reduction in crime, when the criminal knows that his license and actions are being tracked. Maybe you couldn't identify your own mistakes but computers could scan the archives and find out precisely who was speeding near to you at 9:34 p.m., when you were forced to hand over your diamond jewelry.

Notice I said jewelry, and not your wallet. That's because an implant could also serve as an irrefutable personal ID. Your car wouldn't start for anyone but

you, no more car theft. You'd never get locked out of your own house again. And a true cashless society would become possible, with implants communicating with each other to debit and credit accounts. Paper money is beset by drug dealers and tax evaders, recorded electronic transactions could put an end to all this.

Such implants would start off as a consumer-electronics item in people's domestic routines, not as an enforced or government-ordered oppressive regime. But, so such regimes continue to creep over, we might soon enough end up with everyone everywhere being required to have one. And why not? You're already required to have a license to drive and a passport to travel.

There are only two reasons we don't have privacy. The first is because of the industrial shame societies have heretofore based on casual human activities and analysis. Yes, our Victorian ancestors might have been desperate to hide things from their families and neighbors, because so many activities were proscribed. But who

really cares today if someone is gay, an obese pot or lily in a witch porno film? It's not the freedom to do things that would disappear with constant black-box monitoring, it's the silly laws that make victimless activities illegal.

The only other reason to resist privacy is to you can get away with something unethical or illegal. It was privacy, not the lack of it, that made Paul Bernardo's depredations possible. It was privacy, not the lack of it, that made El Queda possible. It was privacy, not the lack of it, that made the crisis in the Catholic Church possible.

But what about the byproduct of confidentiality? Again, it was privacy that made Hitler's Final Solution come within a hair's breadth of succeeding. But it was the lack of privacy—the openness of international communication—that prevented the Chinese government from covering up the 1989 massacre in Tiananmen Square, or from trying anything similar since.

The message of history, most spectacularly driven home in the 9/11 terror attacks, is that preserving society as a whole is much more important than preserving an illusory personal freedom. We've already seen what one armed suicide bomber can do with 20th-century technology, imagine the devastation he or she might manage with the ordnance and gravity capabilities that will be freely available within the next few decades. We can be sure that those who with society have will take full advantage of advanced technologies. Why shouldn't we take advantage of technology to protect ourselves?

Instead of having a knee-jerk reaction that says any loss of privacy is bad, let's discuss the potential pitfalls and work out ways to relieve them. Ottawa's Privacy Commissioner is a model no-flyline for avoiding shame, there's no reason why we can't devise a system of implants and personal black boxes that really work.

Whether we want American-style life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, or Canada's peace, order and good government, clinging to privacy as it exists is the worst thing we can do. For not only is an unmonitored life not worth living, it may be that unmonitored lives are too dangerous for us to allow them to be lived. □

Robert J. Sawyer's latest novel, *Alibi*, explores the idea of a constantly monitored society. To comment, respond to [mcnealy@sun.com](mailto:mcnealy@sun.com) or



## THE MARTIN STEAMROLLER

Canadians are finally getting a chance to hear a blueprint for 'regime change'

**JEAN CHÉRIÉNS** transpired attempt to head off the Paul Martin steamroller by announcing his retirement in 18 months, so that an alternate winning candidate might emerge, is dramatically backfiring. From being a besieged Liberal leadership candidate, desperately aiming to pretend he was just tanning the country for a good look-see, Martin has now been Warmed, alone in the field, to openly seek the Liberal succession—and he is making the most of it.

After a decade of straining their ears and minds to make out what our Prime Minister was trying to say, Canadians are getting a chance to hear an articulate and intelligent politician explain his goals and set out his vision. In the process he is emerging as the natural heir to Jean Chrétien's tarnished crown.

Paul Martin's ambitions do not stop at fulfilling his father's legacy by becoming Canada's 20th prime minister. His intention, to use the political patch of the day, is a genuine "regime change." That would involve acting instead of reacting to evolving world trends by capitalizing, for example, on Canada's position as a potential leader in environmental initiatives. Martin regards the protracted dance changes to be so fundamental that the Kyoto accord will turn out to be only a minor way station in the struggle to maintain the health of the atmosphere.

Another of his pet schemes is to grab the advantages of Canada's market economy, which is not constrained by external gestures (as in the European Common Market) or war preparation (as in the United States). Nearly all of Martin's extended reforms involve a new and much expanded role for the House of Commons, which under Chrétien has become an irrelevant and powerless talk shop. The former finance minister feels so strongly about parliamentary reform because he doesn't want the best and the brightest Canadians to turn away from public life.

What he's outlining, as he moves from one riding to another, is not so much his leadership platform as the agenda for a Paul Martin government. In that sense he remains solidly within the Liberal tradition of elite populism, which can best be summed up as campaigning from the left and governing from the right, thus capturing the shaky middle. Martin likes to think of himself as being compassionate on social issues and conservative in fiscal decisions, but in fact, he is a pragmatist on both. What he will appear to his last breath is a very left-right politician, because he believes that would endanger Canada's economic prospects.

Unlike the other leadership hopefuls, Martin is emphasizing that Canada is rapidly turning into a loose coalition of city states—and that municipal governments are not receiving the due they deserve. "Central governments such as Canada's," he told me when he was still a cabinet minister, "have become too small to deal with the big global problems, yet they remain too large and clumsy to deal with local concerns. So the challenge is to redefine the role of the central government as an institution that can do a limited number of things well, instead of continuing to pretend it can do everything for everybody." What he has been hinting at, during his current vehicle stop tour, is some fundamental changes in the way Canada is governed, though he has yet to spell them out. The danger he has come to realizing is the extent of the reforms is so profound that "you can't force change on a country without leading the cultural

shift that would make it acceptable."

What he's talking about is applying the techniques he demonstrated during his epic struggle to balance the federal budget, then \$42 billion under water. Instead of taling small riddles as what then seemed like an insoluble problem, he clearly laid out long-term policy options, as painful as any ever imposed on Canadians, so that even if they disliked what he was doing voters knew it was part of a rational and necessary process. That's what made the machine go down.

Although Martin is almost obsessively careful not to attack Jean Chrétien by name, his disdain for the current PM dates back to the 1990 convention that chose him as Liberal leader. At the time, Martin's youthful opponent's code name for their opponent was "potato head." That same crew of true supporters (mostly former members of John Turner's retinue) has since grown gray in the former finance minister's service, and they haven't exactly armed themselves to provide advice and consent to the Chrétien government. This could be a grave problem for Martin, if and when he moves into the PMO. All of those supporters, including the majority of the current Liberal caucus who now back his candidacy, will be hammering on his door demanding appointments.

Political patronage, which has become the hallmark of the Old Politics, could overwhelm Martin, and curtail the effectiveness of his newstyle agenda. He has already decided not to hold hearings, Washington style hearings on important appointments, but to continue the current procedure of allowing the prime minister to reward the faithful. That's not good news.

The ultimate irony of Jean Chrétien's abortive plot to head off the Martin victory march with his postdated resignation is that he has given his putative successor just what he wanted: the chance to cross the country in the prime minister's wing. This, in turn, will mean that if and when he assumes the office, he will not have to spend time with officially such an inaugural tour. Instead, he can get right down to the business of running the country. **■**

Photo: C. Newman's column appears monthly. [petern@shaw.ca](mailto:petern@shaw.ca)

**Martin believes the Kyoto accord will be only a minor way station in the struggle to maintain the health of the atmosphere**

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## SCREECH-OWLS 101

When I began teaching a course for seniors, I didn't realize what I'd learn

"BUT I HATE OLD PEOPLE!" I confided. It was not a profane remark to make to the director, senior program, Simon Fraser University at Harbour Centre in downtown Vancouver. Especially since we were discussing my contributing to the program.

Seniors? Like, old people? To be precise, it's old age, not old people, that I lack enthusiasm for. I'm a "senior" myself, having spent past old age's century and low fifties of 65, when useful life ends and one is looked up to the unfulfilling support system of gold, carded and roach wigs and accented hand towels at Silver Days, or screamed without pause to a diet of tea and toast in a floating hotel room.

Scroll back a few years ago I cobbled together an idea for a university course. I followed up a detailed outline and didn't deeply offend it to the potential failure of a university that I won't embarrass by naming, but as events are UBC Silence.

I'd have thought it off to yet another example of the world's indifference and gone back to sleep, but an old SFU friend urged me to offer the grand plan to the university's seniors program. It was then, disappointed that my idea hadn't fit up the sky of the broader university curriculum, that I blurted out "I hate old people" to program director Alisa David Aberbach herself an SFU history professor emerita, and thus of recent years. Our phone conversation was brief. I kept my flag.

But a year later, more humbly, I met Prof. Aberbach at SFU's downtown campus. He listened. He embraced. He was a gem for a doubting beginner. He told me on my idea.

Which was? A series of talks called "The Screech Owls of Marland." Those owls were identical in a very 1750 city by Simon Johnson. The screech owls, the good doctor wrote, "seem to be settled in an opinion that the great business of life is to complete, and that they were born for

no other purpose than to disturb the happiness of others, to cherish the short pleasure of our condition, by painful recollections of the past, or melancholy prognostics of the future."

Sty's Johnson then revealed that he was one of the best of this feather. Today we call them columnists, critics, magazine essayists, editorial writers, op-ed line broadcasters—the whole annoying class of opinion-mongers and public scolds.

The vein was rich, from Johnson himself through Orwell and O'Rourke, and Canadians like Benson, Byfield, Foster, Sogah, Murphy, Stays, Werns. As guest-leader, I also thespianized into the folk persona of someone with only brief or accidental journalistic ink, like Oscar Wilde and Will Whitman.

But I became a mite uneasy as the first talk of a series of eight, 9:30-11:30 Wednesday evenings—approached. Suddenly that sound like a useful lot of talking. Prof. Aberbach had gently warned me this would not be an easy house. The seniors were paying for the experience,

and just looking to get out of the rain. Distance them at your peril.

Then our first encounter. I scoured the room—No. 3325—early I timed myself to the fifth second of 9:30 a.m.

This discovery I had expected to see the old. What I saw was the fresh faces of youth. We were boys and girls, not again, but still. For those eight Wednesdays we engaged in a conspiracy against the status quo.

Unsurprisingly many, or all, of the students could have taught the teacher. One had been an international Herald Tribune reporter in Paris right after the war (Second World, of course). Another was a flight boy in Hitler's Germany who went on to fight the Nazis, his overall life crying out for an autobiography.

A few approached 80, one or two had already tripped over it and got up, an awkward. A Japanese woman of slender English skills wailed many of the words, but she grasped the sense, so to speak, and afterward often expressed her delight, more cherished because expressed in smugling language. Following each session and their women, confided in memory as the Candy Lady, being a handful of minutes at eye like a conjuring trick.

The terms "student" and "teacher" seemed to belong somewhere else, not in that room. I thought of us as co-managers. We assembled ideas and experiences, our own as well as other people's. And we chatted comfortably with the dead.

But we also heard, live, from some excellent current practitioners of the "screech-owl" instruction. After the second session the unknown thought struck me that the group might enjoy voices other than my own whirly buttons. With an e-mailed invitation, craftily named "Free Speech," I invited several Vancouver journalists. Two graciously took it. I doubt if they ever had a more rap audience.

Prof. Aberbach sat on the third talk. At the break he proposed another series of talks in January, topic wide open, and a reprint of the "Screech Owls" on a spring. What could I say? I owed him an answerable debt. For a very great deal of learning went on in Room 3325. Some of it, I hope, happened to the "students."

Writer Trevor Lusters was a columnist for the Vancouver Star over a long period of time.



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“ I had been living on the streets for years. I used a lot of alcohol and drugs to put a lid on things, to cope with life better. I had no soul, no feeling for anything beautiful or whole. It's like living in a shell, a shell of a human being. Friends I hung out with started to die off. They would go in a coma and never come out. I started to see death everywhere. I met this man from a United Way agency. I saw him enough to trust someone for the first time in my entire life. I went to the agency he recommended that was also funded by United Way. I started to feel alive, full, and to enjoy another human being, to enjoy hugging, especially hugging. For the first time in my life I have something to hold on to. I am married and my wife and I are raising our son. I'm paying a mortgage and I have started my own successful business. I'm an artist and I'm creating a world of my own. Thank you for giving to United Way. Your money got to me.”

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History | BY NATHAN GREENFIELD



## THE BOWMANVILLE RIOT

Canadian troops fired on German POWs in 1942

LESS THAN TWO MONTHS after the disastrous and at Duppe, Canadian troops again faced the German enemy—this time to put down a rebellion at Camp 30, a prisoner-of-war camp in Bowmanville, Ont., 65 km east of Toronto.

A decision to shield German POWs—despite Geneva Convention provisions to the contrary—sparked the three-day Battle of Bowmanville (Oct. 30–32, 1942). The move was in retaliation for the German shooting of more than 1,000 Canadians, captured at Duppe two months earlier. The ensuing Bowmanville battle, during which Canadian fired upon the unarmed prisoners, was the only POW riot among the 25 camps in Canada during the Second World War and, incidentally, resulted in a funeral protest from Ottawa to Washington.

The Bowmanville battle broke down shortly after noon on Oct. 31, when senior German officers refused an order from Camp 30 commandant Lt. Col. James Mason Taylor that they come forward to be handcuffed. “Strike a German officer!” roared Volmar König, then a 25-year-old captured submarine midshipman, in a telephone interview from his home in Kiel, Germany. “You’re mas-

sacred, you want to shake us, you will have to come and get us!”

By 3 p.m., the camp’s 800 inmates had barricaded themselves in their barracks. Led by U-boat skipper Otto Kertschmer, about 100 of them armed themselves with table legs, bags of pepper, and broken kerosene and jam bottles. Despite rifle fire from Canadian troops, the POWs held out through the walls of mattresses and wood thrown up by the prisoners. But before dawn the Canadians used high-pressure water hoses, against which the POWs had no defence. This ended matters at the time, but some of the prisoners finished out were forced to run a gauntlet that included Lt. George Brent, the camp’s engineering officer, who used a swagger stick to hit the German officers over the head.

Early on the morning of the 11th, Kertschmer informed the newspaper that because of this insulting behaviour towards German officers, he could not guarantee Brent’s safety should he re-enter the camp. Shortly before 9 a.m., when Brent did just that, Kertschmer cried out the threat: “Anyone who officers saw him,” remembers König, “they surrounded him. That’s when Kertschmer

Kertschmer (center) led the three-day uprising during which König (far left) was shot.

pushed him in the face. Then four of them took him into our barracks. He was bleeding from the nose and lips and probably thought this was his last hour.” To make the anti-shocking point, König then bound Brent’s hands with a belt before marching him aside.

What happened next is a matter of some dispute. According to a statement issued by Defence Minister James Balcan, rifle waving shots were fired: “Three in the air and one toward the ground which ricocheted and wounded one of the prisoners.”

König, the wounded man, disputes this. “A few moments after we took Brent outside,” he says, “shots came directly at us from the window. Brent threw himself down. We jumped back into the building. I was the last one in. One shot hit at the top of the door frame. Then one hit the masonry and went up into flying into me. I still have one metal splinter in my back. As I was closing headfirst through the doorway, I received a bullet that penetrated down through my left thigh.”

The POWs erected new barricades, then, with pillows tied to their heads and hockey sticks in their hands, they waited throughout the day and the night. It took another 400 fresh troops more than six hours on the 12th to fight their way through a hail of bricks, empty beer bottles and pieces of broken furniture. Two prisoners received light gunshot wounds and one Luftwaffe officer lost an eye.

A few days later, Brent reported that, “When they [the POWs] tried walking out, the guards let go a couple of machine-gun machine-gun blasts.” Fearing reprisals on Canadian POWs in Germany, Ottawa filed protest with both Time and the U.S. government. Then, on Oct. 23, the *New York Times* reported Balcan’s version, that only warning shots had been fired and those from rifles.

Ironically, it is left to Volmar König, who organized a rebellion of fellow Canadian POWs in Germany last week, to set the record straight. “All that stuff in *Time* magazine about those machine guns was nonsense. The Canadian government was correct to deny that—except that the shots were not warning shots. The rifles were shooting at us.”



## TO VACCINATE OR NOT

Has a mercury-based preservative caused autism?

**EVERYTHING SEEMED FINE** when tiny Robyn White came bounding into the world on Dec. 12, 1994. As parents do, Scott and Joann White of Oakville, Ont., began taking young Robyn for her routine vaccinations. But at the age of just eight months, shortly after her first hepatitis B shot, Robyn's eyes became crossed, she started flapping her hands and staring into space, and her hearing became hypersensitive. She never developed language skills. Last spring, her family filed a class-action lawsuit, alleging that seven-year-old's inattention caused her autism. The suit, believed to be the first of its kind in Canada, claims that a mercury-based preservative in the vaccine called thimerosal is responsible for Robyn's neurological damage. The Whites now take their daughter to Dr. Jeffrey Bradstreet, a

Palm Bay, Fla.-based autism specialist who recently testified on mercury in vaccines before a U.S. congressional committee. "It's garbage to say there's a reason to have residual neurotoxicity in an injectable for a child," says Bradstreet. "It's not a necessary risk."

Did thimerosal cause Robyn's autism? Maybe, says Bradstreet, but he doesn't know for sure. The case will take years to unravel. The Whites, however, are an example of how public trust in vaccines is on the wane. In the U.S., a raft of lawsuits claim thimerosal causes autism, attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) and speech or language delay. The challenge is to separate medical fact from woo-woo science.

Where should parents turn? Anti-vaccination Web sites tell horror stories, but a study of 22 of them published in the

*Journal of the American Medical Association* in July found they contain a largely unsupported by peer-reviewed scientific literature. Thimerosal's critics, however, are relentless in associating the agent with an apparent rise in autism rates. There could be various explanations for higher numbers of autistic children, including other environmental factors or simply an improvement in doctors' ability to diagnose the condition. Still, some respected health authorities are questioning the wisdom of injecting a heavy metal like mercury into an infant with a developing nervous system.

Thimerosal is used to prevent fungal and bacterial growth in multi-dose vials of vaccine. It guards against contamination when health-care workers jab the same vial repeatedly to vaccinate one child after another. Single-dose vials would eliminate the need for thimerosal, but they would cost more. In Canada, thimerosal-free vaccines now exist for all routine infant inoculations. But that is no reassurance for

parents who fear their child might be the next Robyn White. "We're not going to stop vaccinating children," says Dr. David Smith, a pediatric infectious-disease specialist at the University of Toronto. "We're going to make sure we're using the best vaccine available."



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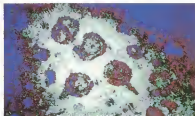
2003 A4 CABRIOLET 04

parents of children vaccinated before the use of aluminum preservatives. A hepatitis-B vaccine without thimerosal became available last year, but a similar vaccine for high-risk infants born to Hep B infected mothers still contains the compound. The diphtheria pertussis/whooping cough/tetanus vaccine (aDTaP) until the mid-1990s. It's still in vaccines for flu, in some for meningococcal disease and in a number of special formulations for pertussis only, for diphtheria and tetanus, and for diphtheria, tetanus and acellular pertussis.

In the United States, thimerosal-free versions of routine inoculations are also available, but untraceable quantities of several common vaccines containing the substance are still in circulation. In developing countries, there is no choice: even routine inoculations contain it. David Klein, the Vancouver lawyer seeking class-action status for Robyn White's case, says, "good drug manufacturers switch to the available alternatives," particularly when children are getting an ever-increasing number of vaccines.

Unquestionably, vaccines are one of the great medical breakthroughs of the past century. Until 1920, Canada had 12,000 cases of diphtheria annually, with 1,000 deaths. Now there are fewer than five cases a year, and no deaths. Dr. Joanne Embree, chairwoman of the Canadian Pediatric Society's infectious diseases and immunization committee, assures vaccine wary parents that extremely small doses of the mercury are not dangerous. "If you're worried about something that is roughly the equivalent of 100 showing up at your doorstep, as opposed to the real risk of disease," says Embree, "then I get upset." In fact, no study has convincingly linked the mercury-containing vaccines to neurodegeneration. Equally true, however, is that no one has studied the long-term effects of exposing children to low doses of a mercury compound that has been in use for almost 70 years.

That much is known: the human body breaks down thimerosal to form ethylmercury, a chemical cousin of methylmercury, about which more is known. In some studies, prenatal exposure to low doses of methylmercury has been associated with subtle neurodevelopmental abnormalities. In 1999, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration determined that under the



recommended childhood immunization schedule, some infants ranked exposure to cumulative doses of ethylmercury that exceeded some federal safety guidelines governing exposure to methylmercury. Furthermore, high doses of mercury compounds, including thimerosal, ethylmercury and methylmercury, are known to be kidney and nerve toxins. In July 1999, the American Academy of Pediatrics and the U.S. Public Health Service recommended removal of thimerosal from vaccines as soon as possible.

As public confidence eroded, the Institute of Medicine, which advises the U.S. government on public health, created an independent committee to review immunization safety. Its conclusion last October didn't give vaccines containing the preservative to infants, children or pregnant women, and do more research. "The evidence," it reported, "is inadequate to accept or reject a causal relationship between exposure to thimerosal from vaccines and the neurodevelopmental disorders of autism, ADHD and speech or language delay." Still, because such a connection was "biologically plausible," and because thimerosal has been administered in millions of doses, it should be used cautiously while research continues.

**The debate is about a risk that is roughly the equivalent of Elvis showing up at your doorstep," says pediatrician Joanne Embree.**

A vaccine for infants at high risk of the hepatitis B virus still contains mercury.

In May, Health Canada posted a report on its Web site noting that routine exposure to thimerosal in Canada has been eliminated. "As thimerosal-free vaccines come to market," said the report, "it is prudent for Canada to incorporate these products into immunization programs, to minimize to the extent possible the total burden of organic mercury exposure to children." In situations where a thimerosal-free alternative does not yet exist, the report recommended vaccination given the higher risk associated with disease.

Robyn White's lawsuit is at its earliest stage. Her father, Scott White, declined to be interviewed. Co-defendant Merck Frost Canada & Co. had nothing to say, but a Gloucester-based spokesman says the company "firmly believes there is no chance of reliable scientific evidence supporting the claim that harm is caused by pediatric vaccines containing thimerosal." A similar but separate suit against Aventis Pasteur Ltd., also filed by Klein in Vancouver, claims the French diphtheria pertussis tetanus vaccine caused autism in children inoculated in the '80s and '90s.

Ultimately, parents have to make a choice, says Dr. Paul Yanguish, head of vaccine-preventable disease surveillance for Health Canada. "Would a parent prefer a child to have a disease," he asks, "as opposed to a minute amount of mercury?" Robyn's doctor bristles at the suggestion. "It's a pretty ugly choice for a parent," says Bradstreet. "Why should we put them in that position?"



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## WAR AND PASSION IN THE OLD WEST

Guy Vanderhaeghe's brilliant new novel turns on the quest to find a lost son

**GUY VANDERHAEGHE** was 10 years old and living in Esterhazy, Sask., when he first read a magazine article about Jerry Potts, an enigmatic guide and interpreter of Scots/Blood Indian heritage who, many feel, is an unmythical hero of the Canadian West. He was fixated among the Bloods as a great hunter and warrior. And he befriended the North West Mounted

Police who were sent in 1878 to rein in the American whisky traders operating north of the border, and to enforce the rule of law in the region. In addition to leading the Mounted to the whisky outposts dotting what later became southern Saskatchewan and Alberta, Potts acted as an intermediary between the police and the Bloods, educating each group about the other. The

story of the mixed-blood scout has fascinated Vanderhaeghe, now 51, ever since. And in his brilliant new novel, *The Last Crossing*, Potts emerges as a pivotal, if tragic figure—a personifier who cannot make peace with himself because he does not know “where the white is in his scope and the red starts.”

This is not the first time Vanderhaeghe has mined history, and his own backyard,

for fictional gold. Despite critical acclaim for such early works as the short-story collection *Men Descending* (1982) and the comic novel *My Present Age* (1984), both set in contemporary times, the Saskatoon-based author solidified in relative obscurity until his 1996 breakthrough novel, *The Englishman's Boy*. That book won the Governor General's Award, topped Canadian best-seller lists and did brisk business internationally. The sweeping epic ingeniously links the notorious 1873 massacre of about 35 natives by American and Canadian wolf-hunters in the Cypress Hills, located in present-day Saskatchewan, with a painful story from the cynical dream factory of 1920s Hollywood. *The Englishman's Boy* was widely and justly hailed as one of the best historical novels ever written by a Canadian. Vanderhaeghe's new book is even better.

In it the author returns to the northwestern frontier where, in one of his characters' very plain yet, all roads are “a direct route to nowhere.” At the narrative heart of the novel is the quest by a moneyed British family, the Cairns, for a son and brother, Simon, who has gone missing on the Canadian plains while accompanying a shadowy eldritchman who preaches that North American Indians are, in fact, the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel.

*The Last Crossing* is one of those rarest of page-turners (at times, even a bodice ripper) that also became the graceful prose and layered meanings of great literature. In the Cairns, Vanderhaeghe has imagined a family worthy of Shakespearean tragedy. The rich, ruthless father, Henry, The smart older son, Adolphus, whose lust will eventually kill him, and who blames ruin Simon and Charles for the loss of their mother, who died giving birth to them. The guide, almost Christlike Simon, who wishes “to add to the sum of the love in the world.” And the weak, if well-intentioned, Charles, who becomes embroiled in a devoted love affair with Lucy, a red-haired beauty who joins the search for Simon but is really out to avenge the murder of her sister.

Other members of the wittily prose-looking (but Simon actually casts Stone, a little quivering Civil War veteran whose battlefield experiences left him so stunned he does not trust himself to carry a gun. His comical sidekick, Noykan Dooley, is a

**The Last Crossing is a rarity: a page-turner with the depth of great literature**



Guide-interpreter Jerry Potts, of Scots/Blood Indian descent, is a pivotal character

vision keeper. Then there's Potts, whose Charles hires as a guide because of his intimate knowledge of the desolate terrain and the native inhabitants who pose a potential threat to the search party. Potts, part hopeless drunk, Potts shows far more compassion for his charges than they deserve. But his motives, and his malapropos, remain a mystery. In a novel that glides effortlessly forward on the strength of convincingly shifting first-person accounts, it's no accident that Potts character acts as the only one described solely through the observations of others or the occasional intervention of a detached narrator.

Vanderhaeghe's broad canvas allows for a breathtaking array of images. Seeing of the most vivid, and graphic, writing comes during his reconstruction of the Battle of Belly River, the last great conflict between the Cree and the Bloods, where “warriors snarl each other's positions, heave boulders down on heads, empty their guns into enemies who are briefly visible in the drifting pall, grapple with gloom suddenly become Bush.” Splendid writing, as always, although the

lanky, self-effacing author says the words never come easily. “It's a bloody play,” I like a guide. Every piece of writing I've ever done has been a struggle.” Neither says nor experience diminish the challenge. “When you are starting out, you are satisfied to get from A to Z, and feel the story at least hangs together. Once you learn to do that, you start playing with increasingly difficult variations. You constantly ask more of yourself.”

An only child—his father was a rodeo hand who later moved cattle, and his mother, a secretary—Vanderhaeghe grew up in a small mining town near the Montana border. He began writing stories almost as soon as he could read, and has remained obsessively committed to the craft ever since. Vanderhaeghe writes nearly every day, usually starting at 8 a.m., though during the final stages of *The Last Crossing* it was more like 4 a.m. “As a writer, you can choose your time off, but as I get older I find I choose to make less of it. It's also harder to turn the work off. You wake up during the night and think about it. You're out for dinner and your mind drifts away from the conversation. I think that's why writers are often not very good company.”

Vanderhaeghe, who holds a master's degree in history, is also a meticulous researcher. As he did for *The Englishman's Boy*, he visited many of the places described in *The Last Crossing*, including the former battlegrounds of the Belly River (since renamed the Oldman) in southeastern Alberta. “For the novelists, God is in the details. You have to imagine a lot, but if you have something concrete to hold on to, it helps. Walking the routes that our Oldman, you sense how they were like enormous swaths in which people fought. So I can better imagine what it looked and felt like.”

Despite the success of *The Englishman's Boy*, Vanderhaeghe and his partner wife, Margaret, continue to live much as before. Resisting for them a media center may put a crimp in his public profile, but it's mostly a blessing. It gives him the solitude to write. Near the end of *The Last Crossing*, Charles Gauss, who has become a good of minor repair, tells an aspiring writer: “Follow your passion, when you put pen to paper.” It is exactly what Vanderhaeghe himself does with every, increasingly rich, offering. Lucky us. □



## SONS AND LOVERS

Young men cope with sex, drugs and grief—and the legacy of famous parents

**IN AMERICA** these days, there's still nothing more seductive than grief. And with its usual blood sucker, Hollywood has once again joined the tail on the Zeligist. Two of the most mature, emotionally satisfying studio pictures you will see this fall—*Moonlight Mile* and *Igby Goes Down*—are both about dramas of adored young men sorting out sex and grief while trying to escape the yoke of parental expectations. Both films also feature Susan Sarandon, who seems to be turning into everyone's favorite mother.

*Moonlight Mile* is set in '70s small-town New England. Joe (Jake Gyllenhaal), finds himself living with the parents of his fiancée, who has been murdered in a roadside shooting. Voluntarily, he tries to please his would-be in-law, the brown-beaten Ben (Dustin Hoffman) and the outspoken JoJo (Sarandon). Ben, a commercial realtor, coaxes Joe into the family business, which involves buying up Main Street. But Joe's loyalties are strained when he falls for Bernie (Ellen Pompeo), a young spinster who works at a nursing home that's in the way of Ben's real estate scheme. Like Joe, she's in mourning—for a man missing in action in Vietnam.

With its theme of period nostalgia, the tongs-and-groove plot fits together a bit too neatly. And *Moonlight Mile* is clearly derivative of *The Graduate*. Gyllenhaal reminds us of the young Dustin in the role of the shy, bewildered Benjamin, while Hoffman now stands on the other side of the generational fence—as an entrepreneur whose mantra is "real estate" rather than "pleasure." But that resonance also gives the comedy some ironic balance. Meanwhile, the soundtrack is a disc of boomer heaven. Gyllenhaal's acting is non-perfect. And even if Sarandon and Hoffman at times overlap their bickering affliction, they make a priceless couple. You can also sense an emotional veracity at the heart of this film—perhaps because writer-director Boaz Yakinling, like Joe,

lost his fiancée to a horrific gunshot. *Igby Goes Down* is a less conventional movie, with a more rebellious protagonist. Igby (Kieran Culkin) is a sarcastic 17-year-old who's at war with the privileged world of his parents. His mother, Mari (Sarandon), a selfish pill-popping tyrant, is fighting a losing battle with cancer. His father, Jason (Bill Pullman), has lost a battle with schizophrenia. And his older brother, Oliver (Ryan Phillippe), is a young Republican mobster. After being expelled from every prep school in sight, Igby goes on the lam in Manhattan, like a latter-day Holden Caulfield. Hiding out in a loft owned by his sleazy godfather (Jeff Goldblum), he romances between two older women with attitude—the godfather's heroin-chic mistress (Amanda Peet) and a bored college student (Cheri Duncanson).

Marking the feature debut of writer-director Brett Siegel, *Igby* is a black comedy with a subversive, original wit. At its best it seems broadly cynical. But Culkin's performance gathers unexpected momentum, and the humor eventually gives way

to a powerful undertone of emotion. This is a movie about sex, drugs and sorrow that audaciously avoids formula.

**WITH** *Sweep Away* and *Between Strangers*, the crucial family connections are off-screen. Both involve sons of famous Italians. In *Sweep Away*, a remake of Luis Veronesi's 1974 tale of class-crossed lovers, Madonna stars opposite Adriano Giannini, who plays the role originated by her father, Gaetano Giannini. As the Mediterranean fisherman who got washed up on a desert island with a wealthy tourist, Adriano is a smooth-talking, charismatic presence. But in the rich bitch, Madonna makes the mistake of trying to act like one, instead of just playing herself. The confusion arising with posing. And her husband, director Guy Ritchie, cheats the viewer by escaping into montage sequences when the elusive romance finally ignites.

*Between Strangers*, an Italian Canadian production, marks the feature directing debut of Stephen Loefer's son, Eduardo Fajon. Set explicitly in Toronto, it's a tragedy about three emotionally wounded women played by Mira Sorvino, Deborah Karu Unger and a grey-haired, loosely unrecognizable Loretta. And it's a disaster Fajon's pointless angst and lachrymose posing make you realize just how far a mother will go for her son. But we can take solace in the fact that even in Italia, too, make a bad Canadian movie. **B**



Culkin (with Duncanson) plays a Holden Caulfield type who romances between two older women

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## CLOSINGNOTES



### PEOPLE | 60

Navigating an image-driven industry, Rachel Cronin's not a smiling 18-year-old, but she plays one on TV. After years on a struggling actress in Vancouver, Cronin finally got her big break as *24*'s Eve Levesque, a hot woman charged with Hollywood's aged stars of beauty and sexuality.



### MUSIC | 62

Coldplay's ever-changing *MySOS* Singer Chris Martin and guitarist Jonny Buckland talk about the band's new album and their creative process.



### Sculpture | One architect's garden of happiness

They Pageton has a beef with bricks: the rectangular shape, the limitations for building and the fact that, for centuries, they haven't evolved beyond being, well, bricks. This is from an architect who spent 50 years designing buildings primarily made with wood and natural. But now Pageton's interested in something altogether new: growing houses. He believes that if scientists put their knowledge of genetic engineering to work, they could create free-growing plants that could be manipulated into structures that provide not only shelter but food, water and energy. "There's got to be a way to do something more organic," he says. "And maybe that way has been sitting under our noses for thousands of years."

Now retired and living in a former beach

Artist Pageton (right) and partner Benella Beckman enjoy their organic-looking, brickless back patio.

house on Torcon's, Pageton, 61, is devoting himself to his idea. He's done dozens of paintings of plant houses, and crafted backyard sculptures that house no straight lines. "I'm an artist," he says. "And we're not going to be able to grow houses within my lifetime, so I wanted to build an organic-looking structure." The result is magnificent. His "Garden of Happiness" is a massive leaf-like backyard shelter made from reinforced concrete and found objects, including concrete whistles, light bulbs, discarded wine bottles and broken mirrors and tiles. "It's an exercise in finding a new form language," says Pageton. Unlike the plant houses of his dream, this structure doesn't provide fruit for Pageton to pluck from the walls. Nor does it house itself. However, the weird and wonderful mirrored building does make a pretty impressive "back patio."

Pageton wants to grow houses, to build something organically.

JAMIE CAMERON

### Listings | Art, music, eats

**Tom Thomson exhibit**  
Oct. 5-Oct. 9  
This retrospective of Canada's legendary landscape painter, Tom Thomson, explores the artist's creative development and the mythology that surrounds his life and death. The Vancouver Art Gallery presents over 140 paintings by Thomson and his associates. [vancouverartgallery.com](http://vancouverartgallery.com)

**Richard Pungilun Fall**  
Oct. 5  
Bring the whole family to the giant jewelry store wrap off and enjoy a pancake breakfast, children's carnival, craft sale, BBQ, stage performances and puppet shows. [pungilun.com](http://pungilun.com)

**Decorators**  
The State Project  
Oct. 8-18  
This modern design performance, inspired by the music of Linkin Park, presents an ode to new releases. Now, it comes to Toronto with a special presentation by local live band The State Project.

**James**  
Oct. 13  
This Quebec City native who was nominated for Best New Artist at the 2005 Juno Awards, plays the cello and has attracted comparisons to Ben Folds and Leonard Cohen. He'll be performing his new album, *James*, at the 2005 Juno Awards.



## People | The concerns of a nonconformist TV actor

Rachel Cronin apologizes for chronic sniffling. She can't do otherwise: chronic sneezing. Although the actress is creating her character as a legal assistant/bowling alleyside shopkeeper Shirley Pittso on the NBC comedy *Ed*, she's still sneezing. "You think that once you get to a certain place, you can at least take a breath," says Cronin, 31. "This hasn't been my experience." Cronin spent most of her 20s as a struggling actress in Vancouver. When she got the call for *Ed*, her father was dying of cancer. Not willing to let his daughter miss her opportunity, Cronin's dad urged her to take the job in New York. "Sneezing! I wasn't going to be

there in the end," she says. "was really hard to make sense of."

These days, Cronin has typical showbiz concerns. She worries about ratings, whether her character will be renewed each season and how to deal with the struggle-driven nature of the industry. "In this business, you're told there are all these rules," she says. "Your boobs have to be a certain size, so does your body and you have to be straight!" But Cronin doesn't plan on conforming. She's openly gay and is determined not to compromise herself for success. "That," she says, "is my *quest*!"

## Diversions | Alistair MacLeod

The Windenbergs' *under* (No Great Believers) will read at Toronto's International Festival of Authors next month. Here are some recent interests about *Believers*, as related to Ted O'Leary by Laurence Johnston.

"It's a lovely book about redemption set in Bay Region."

**MUSIC: GORDON LIGHTFOOT** Gord's Gold Greatest Hits. "I've been listening to him for many years, but I started again since finding out he was quite ill. It made me think how important a part of Canada he is."



**Books | Klein's bender**  
buddy publishes biography

Spill: Klay's efforts for the bottle were not seen as altruistic by political critics, though his three terms as mayor of Calgary and later he became premier in 1953. Reporters who covered Klay often exchanged knowing glances whenever he entered crowded business meetings, citing a laugh of the "J" (meaning three letters) as Calgary's first columnist Bob Innes, who first met Klay in the late 1880s when they both covered the Calgary city hall (Klay was then a reporter for the *OCN*). "You are a journalist but at his best in the worst of situations, smiling with you even in serious occasions," wrote Klay. The *Provincialist* list and sections of *Black Hills*. Many drew on these experiences as well as a series series of candid interviews with the premier and his strong willed second wife, Colleen. What emerges is a view of the politician that is revealing as much of Klay's drinking habits and his sometimes unbridled temper as his wit. After Alberta Klay was at a comedy show personally by And the days of 1968, the premier's wife addition seems to be to quell, whether or not his audience before down with a clear head to his

## BESTSELLERS

**Fiction**

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- |     |  |    |
|-----|--|----|
| 1.  | THE SATURDAY OF NEW FARM,<br>Bayre Immortal (2)  | 3  |
| 2.  | THE ADVENT HOMES, like before (2)                | 3  |
| 3.  | THE FIFTY YEARS OF GRAND-SON LEE,<br>Crests (10) | 10 |
| 4.  | SPRINGS, Carol (Shinto) (2)                      | 3  |
| 5.  | GROWING, like before (2)                         | 4  |
| 6.  | THE MARKET, like before (2)                      | 3  |
| 7.  | THE LAST SPARKS, like before (2)                 | 3  |
| 8.  | THE CRUCIAL TEST, AND THE WORK,<br>Shinto (2)    | 3  |
| 9.  | FIAMMIST MATTERS, like before (2)                | 3  |
| 10. | THE END OF HISTORY, like before (2)              | 3  |

## Non-fiction

3. **STUPID WHITE MEN** (The Bowers) (E)
4. **NEED** (Andrew Solomon) (E)
5. **THE HOUSE** (The Bowers) (only the **APPENDIX**)  
Stephen Chabon (E)
6. **EVER ACROSS THE LAND**  
Stephen Chabon (E)
7. **MARGARITA** (Natalie Diaz) (D)
8. **EVERY 100 YEARS** (Quentin Gray) (D)
9. **THE FALL OF BOMBY** (Dale)  
Anthony Browne (E)
10. **BRADY** (John Kory) (D)
11. **WOMEN AND ATTITUDE** (Thomas Pynchon) (D)
12. **THE LAST OF THE JUST** (Michele Deleuze) (D)

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### Music | Hot and cold

Chris Martin, lead singer of the U.K. band Coldplay, wears a big wool sweater and pulls the collar up above his throat, mouth and nose, looking a little like a rodent as an insurance 35-year-old or maybe just a neat artist responsible for one of the most beautiful voices in rock. When asked about his outpouring of emotion on Coldplay's latest CD, the exquisite *A Rush of Blood to the Head*, Martin turns to guitarist Jerry Buckland to answer for him. And the personable Buckland does, explaining that an emotional connection "is the most important thing in music for us. We're not really the cool, detached band of people, we're really *passionate* about what we're doing." When Buckland, 25, is asked what he thinks of guitar solos, Martin pipes up: "Solos are utterly banned

from our group. Soling is like riding, something totally unnecessary." Buckland just smiles.

The two became mates at University College London and Martin has said that, "missing Jerry was like falling in love." They were natural songwriting collaborators and they started the band in 1996 with two other school chums, Will Champion and Guy Berryman. After ten years, two albums and exhausting tours, Martin and Buckland are still best friends. "Jerry, what's that Ron Searcuth song I love?" Martin asks, in a very old married-couple manner. Buckland can't remember. No matter, just talking about the Canadian singer-songwriter has led Martin to personally lower his collar. "I think Ron Searcuth is the best I know," he says. "He should be a huge country star. He should be like Garth Brooks. Ron Searcuth is the

Poor university mates, Buckland, Berryman, Martin and Champion, make exquisite music

equivalent of unfair trade, it's just wrong that it's not addressed."

Under trade isn't just a throwaway analogy for Martin. Coldplay is promoting the Web site [enaidtrade.org](http://enaidtrade.org) on its CD and at its concerts, as opposed to, say, doing commercials for the Gap. "Trade issues are the top cause of poverty in the world," says Martin, who recently travelled to Haiti to meet with smuggling farmers, "but no one really knows that. We'd just like to say that's what we believe in." On stage later that night, Martin is blazed out. He mumbles in Buckland and says to the audience with moving sincerity: "He's the greatest man in the world." Buckland smiles and slips in a quick guitar solo. No one seems to mind.

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## TELEVISION GOES TO WAR

Yes, war is dangerous. If you work in TV, it's also exhausting—and expensive.

**IN THE HALLS** of power, it is time to contemplate the harsh realities of war—the potential price in human life, the crushing economic cost, and the knowledge that any strategic miscalculation could be catastrophic for years to come. And that's just what another Persian Gulf War means for TV news executives.

From the CBC building on Front Street in Toronto to CNN headquarters in Atlanta—and the boardrooms and newsrooms of networks in-between—there is growing dread that war in Iraq may be inevitable. After a year spent hemorrhaging money in the aftermath of Sept. 11 to move people around the world to places like Afghanistan and Israel, the prospect of a new war is anything but good news.

Of course, if you ignore George W. Bush's national security team, five people in their right minds went war—least of all anyone who's been to one before, or who might have to go again. Wars are dirty and dangerous—whether you're fighting or reporting on them. They happen in hellholes with no food, bad water and 12-year-olds with AR-15 rifles.

And then there are the hours. A war in the Middle East is like some perverse sleep-deprivation experiment. Baghdad is eight time zones ahead of Toronto and New York, which means that when the supper-hour news shows go to air, it's 2:30 a.m. in the Iraq desert. The National on CBC starts at six in the morning. If you spend all day finding the news, that doesn't leave much time for sleep.

The advent of the 24-hour news cycle has made matters worse. Not only are you now expected to do your story line for the evening news and morning show—you're also expected to do something more or less hourly for the round-the-clock cable news channels. During the first Gulf War, we did about 40 two-way reports in one day. By the time we entered Kuwait City, we hadn't slept in more than three days.

Another problem with the advent of "walking heads" was coverage in that even as TV equipment is more compact than it's ever been, it still takes tons of gear worth millions of dollars to get on-air live from a remote location. So you try to set up your cameras, lights, satellite uplink and electrical generators in a place where they (and you) are not likely to get blown to smithereens—in other words, away from the war you're there to cover. Add to that the isolation of a war zone and the result is that, sometimes, the reporter on location may get the "breaking news" he or she is reporting from network headquarters halfway around the world.

Last year, early in the war on terror, the U.S. networks were so desperate to get into Afghanistan that they travelled via Moscow to Tbilisi, then paid to be taken a few miles across the border into what was technically Afghan territory. They were somewhere near the Tikhon, Ouzun bin Laden or any successful military action, but, once in territory, they could



and their reports with "inside northern Alabama."

Well, a great two-way location is a wonderful thing. During Operation Desert Storm, the setting of those for correspondents' stand-up reports was just outside the Allied air base in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. The best part was the luminous blue domes in the background, which looked exceedingly high-tech. A Patriot missile silo, or maybe some sort of cutting-edge radar system? Well, not exactly. Those spire-like-looking domes were the skylights over the women's changing rooms at the mess hall across the street.

Actually one of my favorite TV moments from the Gulf War was a report by CNN's Richard Kyburz on the night Saddam's Scud slammed into Tel Aviv. Deborah in his blue blazer, Hyattsville looked—and sounded—as if he'd been having a relaxing dinner when called back to the office to cover the Iraqi attack. As he broadcast from the roof of the CNN bureau, Scuds exploding behind him, a concerned anchor in Atlanta said: "Richard, shouldn't you take shelter inside?" "To which the self-named Hyattsville replied: "Well, the way I look at it, you're just a few little missiles and this is a great big world."

Our correspondents are a special breed. These days, they report on places like Kabul, Kuwait City, Mogadishu, Port-au-Prince. On occasion, I've been among them. But Canadians like the CBC's Neil MacDonald, Allen Peasey of CBS and NBC's Dana Lewis do this work year in and out.

“I realize a giant that if you asked them about covering another war with Iraq, they would worry about the danger, of course—certain journalists have been killed in the past year in Afghanistan—and about a return of the disreputable media image from the Pentagon imposed the last time. But I think they would also worry about the aftermath of a war, and not only in Iraq. When we returned to CBS after the first Gulf War, hundreds of our colleagues were fired or paid for it. The other networks made similar cuts. They may say the first casualty of war is truth—but in television news, it's money.”

Qatar's native Bob McDonald, then with CBS and now with NBC, was the first journalist to enter Kuwait City on the 1991 Gulf War. He is returning to Canada to co-host CBC's the 6th season.



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